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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

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THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

IT is an object of rational curiosity, for a nation to look back on the ancestry of those who have descended through a long line ennobled by great hereditary distinctions. They will thus be able to discriminate those families who have attained the honours of the kingdom by real public services, from those whose gilded coronets serve only to perpetuate the flatteries of a minion, or the caresses of a harlot. They will thus be able to estimate the real value of hereditary rank; to ascertain whether it has converted the sons of pimps and buffoons into illustrious Statesmen; or whether, on the other hand, it has not been able to prevent the offspring of great Generals and great Politicians from degenerating into notorious cowards and impenetrable blockheads.

We prefix these remarks to an account of the representative of the noble House of Cavendish, without hesitation, and even with pleasure, since a review of his ancestors will enable us to speak of titled patriots, and of coronets emblazoned by political virtue. The public will read with pleasure the short survey of a family to some of whom they have great obligations.

The House of Cavendish claims a very remote ancestry. Sir William Cavendish was a distinguished Privy Councillor in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and along with many titled descendants, was the progenitor of the celebrated navigator of that name, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The first Earl of Devonshire, a son of Sir William, received his title from King James the First, for qualities very different from those of the Monarch himself. His Lordship was an accomplished gentleman; and greatly busied himself in the planting of colonies in the new world, the favourite adventure of that age. His labours were principally directed to the infant colony of Virginia. His son was chiefly remarkable for having received his education under the tuition of the celebrated Hobbs, who, after his Lordship's death, distinguished him in his writings by a very remarkable eulogium. The Earl, however, does not appear to have escaped that taste for extravagance, of which the dissipated Court of James set the example; for by his princely stile of living, he contracted a vast debt and impaired his fortune.

To the tuition of Mr. Hobbs the third Earl was also committed; and received from that determined advocate of despotism an early bias to devoted and indiscriminating loyalty. On the meeting of the Long Parliament, in 1640, he stood forward as one of the first and most resolute defenders of the prerogative. He

supported both Stafford and Laud; adhered to the King till the royal cause was ruined; retired afterwards beyond the sea; and was at last induced to compound with Parliament by the entreaties of his wife. He took an early opportunity of declaring in favour of Charles the Second; and, like other forward royalists, experienced the usual coldness and neglect, with which that profligate Monarch was accustomed to reward the most faithful services. His Lordship retired to his country residence in Derbyshire, where he passed his time in splendid hospitality, and in the company of Mr. Hobbs, whose talents both in writing and conversation, were only surpassed by his total want of every virtuous principle. The Earl continued to countenance this philosopher while he lived; and erected a monument over his ashes, but without inscribing it with the epitaph which Hobbs himself had dictated—"This "is the true philosopher's stone."

The family of Cavendish had hitherto distinguished themselves as zealous loyalists, both in the direct and collateral branches; but a time had at length arrived in which it was scarcely possible for an honest man to be a friend to the Monarch; and Lord William Cavendish, the son and heir of the third Earl of Devonshire, appeared among the patriotic asserters of our national liberties. He early saw the pernicious designs in which the Court had embarked: and the religious bigotry of the Duke of York, joined to his arbitrary principles of government, gave Lord Cavendish a just alarm for the safety of the Protestant religion, if such a Prince should ever ascend the British throne. He was, therefore, a strenuous promoter of the *Test Act*, and of other similar provisions, which were, at that time, accounted necessary, for preventing the ascendancy of the Popish religion. As his father was still alive, he sat in the House of Commons during all the parliaments assembled in the reign of Charles the Second; and along with his illustrious friend, Lord Russell, stood resolutely forward to oppose all the strides which the unprincipled Court was making towards despotism. He believed that the Popish plot, though disgraced by fabrication, was fundamentally true; and along with the other patriots, zealously prosecuted those who were supposed to be concerned in it. To the bill for the exclusion of the Duke of York, a measure which, he thought, indispensably necessary for the preservation of both our religious and civil liberties, he lent all the aid of his eloquence and influence; and disappointed of that object, by the influence of the Court in the House of Peers, he heartily concurred in all the measures which the ingenuity of Shaftesbury devised to keep the eyes of the people open to the dangers of a Popish succession. He was concerned with Lord Russell in the private consultations for preserving the liberties of our country; consultations which gave a handle to the perjured tools of Court, for bringing forward those charges of treason which are usually known by name of the Rye-house plot. The noble behaviour of Lord Cavendish, who offered to favour the escape of his friend, Lord Russell, by exchanging clothes with him in prison, has been transmitted to posterity by admiring historians, as an act of true heroism, only equalled by the magnanimity of Lord Russell, in refusing to save his life at the risk of his friend's.

Soon after this transaction, Lord Cavendish succeeded to the Earldom of Devonshire; and the death of King Charles, which happened about the same time, opened the way for the commencement of that reign which he had endeavoured to avert, and which soon justified all the melancholy presages which he had formed. When James, contrary to the advice of even the wiser Catholics, both at home and abroad, began to discover his bigoted and arbitrary schemes, the Earl of Devonshire appeared in Parliament with a tone of resolute opposition, which marked him out to the particular suspicion and hatred of the Court. On one occasion, when the King ventured to insult the Parliament, by openly telling them that he meant to keep on foot a standing army, and to employ Popish officers in it, contrary to express laws; and when this body was so overawed as even to debate whether an address of thanks should be presented to the King for this intimation; the Earl of Devonshire said, "that, for his part, he was for returning "thanks, because the King had spoken out "plainly, by warning them of what they were "to look for."

His Lordship now kept himself retired at his seat of Chatsworth, employed, with every other honest subject, in devising means for wresting the sceptre from the cruel tyrant who held it, and for transferring it to a worthier possessor. His conferences with some other Noblemen, for inviting over the Prince of Orange, awakened the suspicions of James, who endeavoured to allure him to Court; but he cautiously avoided the dangerous invitation till the landing of the Prince of Orange in the West, when he immediately collected his

friends and retainers, and marched to the support of this public deliverer. In all the subsequent steps which were taken, to exclude from the throne its unworthy possessor, and to substitute in his room the most excellent Prince by whom it was ever honoured, Devonshire bore a conspicuous part; and he was in consequence of his patriotic services, rewarded with the appointment of Lord Steward of the Household, and afterwards with the Garter and the title of Duke of Devonshire.

Throughout the reign of King William, he uniformly exerted himself in promoting every measure which tended to secure or improve the liberties of the people, an acceptable service to that truly patriot Prince. He strenuously promoted the Bill of Rights, the great charter of our freedom; as well as an act for allowing counsel to those accused of high treason; and, in concert with King William, exerted himself to fix the succession to the throne in the House of Hanover. Observing the numerous corruptions which arose from a lengthened duration of the same Parliament, he procured a law to be passed for triennial Parliaments; a salutary regulation, which the interested motives of individuals caused afterwards to be abandoned. When Queen Anne ascended the throne, he was continued in all his offices, and formed one of that famous Whig Ministry, under whose guidance Britain achieved greater military triumphs than in any other period of her history. His Grace died in 1707.

We have dwelt the longer on the transactions of this illustrious Nobleman, as he was one of the most upright patriots who honour the annals of our country. Were but a few such men, born to rank and affluence, to make their appearance once in a century, levellers would in vain contend against the beneficial effects of hereditary privileges.

The second Duke trod in the steps of his father. He joined the Whigs at his outset in life, and continued throughout firm to their measures. Along with his father, he was one of the Commissioners appointed to manage the conferences relative to the union with Scotland, and was instrumental in bringing to a prosperous conclusion that truly fortunate event. When he came to his title, he was appointed Lord Steward of the Household, and succeeded both to the offices and the favour at Court which his father had enjoyed. He had his share in all the memorable and glorious measures of the Marlborough administration; and when his friends were superseded by men of very different principles, he hastened to resign his offices into the hands of his sovereign. During the last four inglorious years of Queen Anne's reign, he exerted himself, in conjunction with other patriots, to prevent those violent encroachments on the rights of the subjects which were attempted by the Tories, in conjunction with the High-Churchmen;—those laws which were directly calculated to render the large body of Dissenters, enemies to the Government, by depriving them of equal rights, and widening the breach between them and the Established Church. On the accession of George the First, the Duke of Devonshire, who had always been a strenuous supporter of the Hanoverian succession, found himself in great favour at Court. He successively held the offices of Lord Steward of the Household, and President of the Council; and was repeatedly nominated one of the Lords of Regency, during his Majesty's absence in Hanover. He died in 1729. Almost the only circumstance which we find to blame and regret in the life of his Grace, is, that he undid the public good which his father had procured, by introducing a bill to convert triennial into septennial Parliaments: an unwise and unjustifiable sacrifice of the constitution to the stability of a party.

The third Duke of Devonshire continued as firm an adherent to the Whig party as either his father or his grandfather. He enjoyed the same offices and honours, and the same favour at Court. He was for several years Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and gave great satisfaction in that department. He was a faithful supporter of Sir Robert Walpole throughout his whole carreer, but did not quit administration on the fall of that great statesman.

The fourth Duke of Devonshire, who succeeded his father in 1755, pursued the same line of politics. He early began to share in his monarch's favours; and was called to the House of Peers, by the title of Baron Cavendish of Hardwick, in the life-time of his father. In 1756, he held the place of First Lord of the Treasury for a short time, till the differences of the contending parties could be brought to some termination. He was afterwards Lord Chamberlain of the Household; and, on the commencement of the new reign, he attached himself to that great branch of the Whig interest of which the Marquis of Rockingham took the lead.

The present Duke, the fifth of the Cavendish family who has borne that title, has shewn himself as consistent in his politics as any of

his progenitors. From his entrance into public life he has invariably continued to co-operate with the party of the great aristocracy; and his unremitting support of Mr. Fox, only terminated with the death of that celebrated statesman.

His Grace was born on the 24th of December 1748. From his mother, Lady Charlotte Boyle, sole heiress to the Earl of Burlington, he inherited an illustrious descent, and a great fortune, only surpassed by those of his father. He had every advantage of education which the age could afford; and every incentive to patriotism which the example of ancestors can supply.

The Duke of Devonshire was singularly fortunate in the choice of a lady, possessed of every charm to captivate his affections, and of talents to attract the admiration of all around her. She was daughter to the late Earl Spencer, and included among her ancestors both the Duke of Marlborough and the First Duke of Devonshire. Her education was carefully conducted; and when at length she appeared at Court, her beauty and accomplishments became the universal theme of admiration, and his Grace of Devonshire was esteemed the most fortunate of men in carrying off the lovely prize.

The happiness of this desirable union seemed for some years to receive an alloy from the want of offspring; but after the lapse of ten years, her Grace was at length delivered of a daughter, the present Viscountess Morpeth. On this occasion she had an opportunity of shewing the superiority of her sensibility and taste to her rivals in the world of fashion. Abhorring the unfeeling and barbarous practice of committing infants to the care of mercenary nurses, she boldly broke through the inhuman dictates of fashionable custom, and suckled her own child. This example of so distinguished a lady, although unfortunately not universally followed, has had a very great effect in recalling women of rank to those duties of domestic life, which they cannot violate without wounding the best feelings of human nature, and the best interests of morality. Her family was afterwards increased, first by a daughter, and afterwards by a son and heir, the present Marquis of Hartington.

It must have been exceedingly gratifying to the Duke to observe the unrivalled sway which his beautiful partner bore in the circles of fashion. On the first day that she attended the Drawing-room at St. James's, the splendour of all preceding occasions was eclipsed. The bride, attended by all the distinguished females of the Houses of Cavendish and Spencer, was not more superior to her companions in the charms of her person than in the profusion of her costly ornaments. It has been said that she was literally loaded with jewels; and that a pair of very large diamond buckles, either from their weight or tightness, actually produced lameness to such a degree as obliged her Grace to keep at home for several days. From her first appearance in fashionable life, the Duchess of Devonshire was the undisputed leader of the modes. At that time the tight stays were carried to an excess almost incredible; and even the bones of a lady laced for Court could scarcely resist the violent efforts made for compression. But in this piece of elegance the whole fair train of the Court was surpassed by her Grace, for we are assured that her circumference was reduced to exactly that of an orange and a half. The taste and genius of this lady, however, speedily burst through these Gothic absurdities; and the rapid reception which the present natural and elegant modes have acquired, was in no small degree owing to her patronage.

The poetical genius of her Grace has been celebrated both at home and abroad; and her longest piece, *The Passage of the Mountain of St. Gothard*, has been eulogised and translated by the Abbe de Lille, the most distinguished modern poet of France.

Her Grace did not suffer her superior talents and attractions to remain unemployed. She was engaged, on every occasion, in maintaining the splendour and influence of her family, both at Court and among the people. She entered zealously into those political interests to which the Devonshire family had been so uniformly attached; and in those scenes where custom allowed her to appear, she was scarcely a less distinguished leader of the Whigs than Mr. Fox himself.

While some Peers of high rank have been brought over to the opposite party, either by political alarms or by selfish views of interest, the Duke of Devonshire has continued invariably united to the party of Rockingham and Fox, with whom he commenced his career. This is the more laudable in the present age, as his political friends neither gave nor were able to give him any recompence worth his acceptance. Instead of receiving, he was often called upon to give; and often spent large sums of money in support of the cause which he had espoused.

During those violent contests for the repre-

sentation of Westminster, which Mr. Fox maintained against the Court, no persons distinguished themselves more peculiarly in his support than the family of Devonshire. The celebrated orator himself was not possessed of funds to carry on so expensive a contest: but the burden was cheerfully sustained by the great and wealthy adherents of his party, and by none more liberally than by the Duke of Devonshire. In this, and in all the subsequent election struggles of Mr. Fox, the Duchess signally distinguished herself by her activity, and carried away the palm from all other canvassers.

When the embarrassed circumstances of Mr. Fox induced his friends to promote a subscription in his behalf, the Duke of Devonshire was among the first and most liberal of the contributors. During his last illness, this admired statesman received from the Devonshire family all those attentions which marked their undeviating attachment and strong anxiety for his fate. It was at their noble seat at Chiswick that he breathed his last.

The Duke has sustained an irretrievable loss in the death of his Duchess, who has created the greatest blank in the fashionable world that has taken place for many years. Since that period his Grace lives in retirement, in the enjoyment of his honours and of his ample fortune.

HISTORY.

BRAZIL.

IN our History of Portugal we have slightly noticed the discovery of Brazil, by Alvarez de Cabral, in the year 1500; the immediate object of our enquiry at that time, being Portugal alone, we did not dilate upon this important discovery; but the events of the last month have opened such a wide field for disquisition, have offered such motives to curiosity, and seem to present such an extensive range for British Capital and British Industry, that we should be wanting in what we owe to our friends, did we negligently pass over objects of such importance.

The country of Brazil extending from the equator, to the 35th degree of south latitude, is in length about 2500 miles, but presents a sea coast of upwards of 3000, from the river of Amazons, to Cape St. Mary, the northern extreme of the Rio de la Plata; its greatest breadth to the northward is about 700 miles, but towards the southward it diminishes almost to a point.

This immense country, with the whole of the American continent, had remained entirely unknown to European navigators, until the close of the fifteenth century; previous to this period the progress of mankind in the discovery, and, indeed, for some ages, even in the peopling of the earth, had been very slow, and several ages had elapsed, before they wandered far from those regions, in which they were originally placed by the Almighty Creator.

Spreading widely in all directions, the tribes which found their way to China and Tartary, it is natural to suppose would even, in very early ages, pass over the narrow strait, which Cook and Bhering have found to separate the two continents. The similarity of language and of manners at the present day, of the inhabitants of the opposite coasts, speak much in favour of this, and when we examine into the certain, and, in many cases, rapid change produced upon the human body, by climate, food, and customary habits, there seems no great difficulty in supposing, that all the various tribes of this immense continent, have sprung from this northern source. Other causes may also have led, in some degree, to the peopling of South America; such as the inhabitants of Malacca and the Indian Islands having found their way, by accident, across the ocean, for that they have peopled the Islands in the Great South Sea, is now a fact no longer to be doubted.

Some may object to the probability of the lank-haired Brazilian, the red Cherokee, and the pale Esquimaux, being descended from the same parent stock; but these sceptics may take notice of a fact, respecting the influence of climate, in New Holland, where, if late voyagers are to be believed, out of eleven hundred children, first born in the settlement, there was scarcely one which was not of a fair complexion, and light reddish hair, and almost invariably of a brisk and lively temperament. So striking a fact, which can only be supposed

to result from climate, to a philosophical mind, will afford a general solution of the objection. If America were thus peopled, the inhabitants of Tartary were too ignorant to afford any information to the other parts of Asia, or to Europe; nor had we any easy means of communication, as in early ages, all migrations were made by land; separated by the ocean, it was long before we attempted to pass that formidable barrier; it was long before we became sufficiently skilful and adventurous to commit ourselves to the mercy of the winds and waves, or to quit our native shores in search of far distant or unexplored regions.

We have already, in our history of Portugal, sketched out the events which gave rise to the Improvement of Navigation, and the Discovery of America; some part of which continent, about the river of Oronoque, had been seen by Columbus in his second voyage; but it was in the year 1500 that Portugal had the first glimpse of this interesting country.—Vasco de Gama, having returned from a most successful voyage to India, the Portuguese court were induced to fit out a powerful fleet, to extend their discoveries and their conquests; the command of this was given to Alvarez de Cabral, who sailed from Lisbon early in 1500; and, in order to avoid the light breezes, calms, and variable winds on the coast of Africa, he stood so far to the westward, that on crossing the line, the south east trade wind obliged him to pursue even a more westerly course; and, to his great surprise, he discovered land, in the latitude of 10 degrees South.

Little suspecting that these could be the shores of a great Continent, he imagined, at first, that it was some island hitherto undiscovered, but proceeding along the coast, to the southward, for several days, he came gradually into an opinion, that a country so large must be a part of the main. In this opinion he was right, and having anchored in a fine bay, in the latitude of 15 degrees South, to which he gave the name of Porto Seguro, he landed, took possession of it in the name of the King of Portugal, and gave it the name of Santa Cruz, or Holy Cross.

Having formed a very high opinion of the advantages which might be derived from it from the fertility of the soil, &c. and from the mildness of its climate, even in that latitude, he sent home one of his vessels, with the intelligence of an event of such importance, and so unexpected.

A late judicious historian, in his observations on this discovery, says, that Columbus's discovery of the New World was the effort of an active genius, enlightened by science, guided by experience, and acting upon a regular plan, executed with no less courage than perseverance; but from this adventure of the Portuguese, it appears that chance might have accomplished that great design, which it is now the pride of human reason to have formed and perfected,—He observes, farther, that if the sagacity of Columbus, had not conducted the Spaniards to America, Cabral, by a fortunate incident, might have led them, a few years later, to the knowledge of that extensive Continent. Thus reasons Horrera, the Spanish historian, and Robertson gives to it the sanction of his concurrence.

As this country had been discovered on an Indian voyage, and as from the then limited knowledge of geography, it was supposed to form a part of India; it was at first comprised under that general title, but was distinguished by the appellation of *West* Indies, because the Portuguese went to India by the East, and to this country by the West; but the name of Brazil, was at length given to it, from the great quantity of that species of wood found there, and the name of West Indies was confined to the Islands alone.—As soon as the Portuguese Court had ordered a slight survey to be taken of the coast of Brazil, together with its harbours, bays, and rivers, and became convinced, from this slight search, that it possessed neither gold, silver, nor diamonds, they considered it as so contemptible an acquisition, that they sent no colonists thither, except some condemned criminals, and women of abandoned character.

Two ships only were regularly sent every year from Lisbon, to carry those deplorable objects to the New World; and they brought home little in return, except woods for the cabinet-makers and for dying, with a great quantity of parrots, and after some time a little ginger; but this latter article was soon prohibited, as they feared that it might interfere with their imports from India.

The East was, at this moment, the object that excited most attention; it was, indeed, the road to fame, fortune, and to power; as the warlike actions and extensive conquests of the Portuguese in India, joined to the immense wealth brought from that country into Europe, had given them a considerable superiority amongst the European powers. This enthusiasm spread itself far and wide; all were for going to India, whilst no person voluntarily sailed for America; indeed, none were sent there, except the wretches already mentioned,

and a number of Jews, or suspected Jews, whom the Inquisition had sentenced to perpetual banishment from Portugal. These Jews, who had been stripped of their property by the Inquisition, had yet many friends in different parts of Europe; and, being known to be men of probity and good sense, obtained not only money but goods and utensils, upon credit, from the merchants with whom they had formerly held connections; and many of them even found kind friends and relations, amongst the first settlers in this country to which they were banished. From this assistance they were enabled to pursue their usual course of industry, and in a short time began to cultivate the sugar cane, which was sent to them from the Island of Madeira.

Sugar, until this period, from its scarcity, had been used only as a medicine, but soon became an article of luxury, and even of necessity. The opulent were all eager to procure themselves this new indulgence, which proved highly favourable to the Brazilian colonists, and enabled them very considerably to extend their plantations of the cane plant.

The Court of Portugal now began to lay aside its prejudices, and to look with a more favourable eye upon the colony, which though, as they thought it, unproductive of gold and silver, might yet be extremely beneficial to the mother country. A country, which at first they had considered as only fit for the dregs of their populace, they began now to consider, in some measure, as deserving of their attention. —Till this period, the settlement had been entirely left to the management of the colonists, but they now sent out a Governor in the person of Thomas de Sousa, in 1449, to superintend the new regulations.

This able and active man began his government, by bringing his new subjects (who had always lived in a state of anarchy) into proper subordination; and to render them more useful to each other he endeavoured to prevail on them to form their settlements in convenient neighbourhoods.—He then endeavoured to acquire some information respecting the natives with whom he knew he must be in a state of continual warfare, unless he could prevail on them to engage in traffic, or in some kind of agricultural industry.

The country of Brazil he found to be inhabited by a number of small nations, some of which inhabited the forests, and others confined themselves to the immense tracts of the plains or the banks of the rivers. Some of them had settled habitations, but by far the greater number led a wandering life. They had but little intercourse with each other, and were divided by incessant wars, arising from hereditary hatred and jealousy. The greater part subsisted by hunting and fishing, and a small number by agriculture. These different modes of life had produced a visible difference in their manners and customs, although there was a general similitude of character.

The natives he found, in general, of the European size, though by no means so stout; from their mode of life they were subject to few distempers, and it was no uncommon thing to see amongst them men of a hundred years. At that time they wore no clothing, though since the arrival of the Europeans, they have become accustomed to cover the middle part of the body. Their food was simple; those living along the rivers subsist by fishing, and the wanderers of the forest by hunting; indeed, even since the introduction of European domestic animals, those who live by the sea-side still continue to feed upon the shell-fish they pick up on the shore. When their supplies of these precarious provisions fail, they either feed upon roots, which they have raised by slight culture, or else upon those which grow spontaneously, and are spread for them upon nature's lap.

It appears that the Portuguese, on their first settlement, had endeavoured to reduce the natives to a state of slavery; these attempts had encreased their natural antipathy to strangers; and as the friends and relations of those who were taken prisoners made frequent attempts to rescue them, the colony was quite in an unsettled state.

The forces accompanying De Sousa were not sufficient to change the state of affairs immediately; he, therefore, resolved to introduce a gradual system of amelioration. For this purpose he began the erection of the city of San Salvador, to form a centre for the colony; but he received the greatest assistance from the Jesuits who accompanied him, who had the most honour in forming, extending, and rendering beneficial to the parent state, this infant settlement.

The character of these active and intrepid men has been well drawn by a much-admired writer; he says, that always prompted by motives of religion or ambition, to undertake great actions, they dispersed themselves amongst the Indians, and that such of the missionaries as were murdered from a hatred to the Portuguese name, were immediately replaced by others, who were inspired by none but sentiments

of peace and charity. This magnanimity confounded the Barbarians, who had never known any sentiment of forgiveness; and, by degrees, they began to place some confidence in men, who seemed to seek them only with a view of making them happy.

From this little beginning of good offices, their attachment to the missionaries changed from hatred and revenge into a passionate fondness; and when a Jesuit was expected to arrive at one of their villages, the young natives of both sexes hastened to meet him, concealing themselves in the thick coverts of the road which he must pass. On his approach they issued forth, with their tabors, their simple reeds, and other pieces of native music, welcoming him, by their dances, and making the woods resound with the echoes of their joyful melody. At the entrance of the village the older inhabitants were assembled to greet him, who expressed their happiness and gratitude, with as much simple joy, but more sedateness. As he passed into this abode of native simplicity he was again welcomed by the women and children, in a respectful and modest manner; then, all the inhabitants leading him to the place of general meeting, offered him all those refreshments after his journey, which were rendered doubly sweeter, from this sincere and artless kindness. He then instructed them in the simplest doctrines of the Christian religion, exhorting them to regularity of manners, the love of justice, to brotherly charity, and to a command of the more turbulent passions: after a course of these exhortations, numbers hastened to the sacred font, and were baptized.

As these missionaries were not very numerous, they found it difficult to transact all the business themselves, they therefore frequently appointed some of the most civilized amongst their new converts, to assist them in their labours. These men proud of their office, and of the confidence reposed in them, distributed knives, hatchets, and trifling ornaments, amongst the more remote tribes, and described the new comers as a harmless, humane, and benevolent nation. On their return from these excursions, they were in general accompanied by some of these people, who were anxious to follow them from motives of curiosity. On being introduced to the Jesuits, these savages became so attached, that they only left them to return to their friends to display the presents they had received, and to induce them to return and share their happiness.

At this period the Portuguese Government began to extend their views to Brazil, and formed the infant settlement of St. Vincent, on the sea coast, in the lat. of 24 deg. south, here they traded for some time peaceably with the Cariges, the mildest and most civilized nation of the Brazilians. At length, some prisoners having been taken by fraud from the Cariges, in order to make them slaves, the Jesuits prevailed on the Governor to send them back, and deputed two of their own number to return with them, and dispose the natives to accept this satisfaction. On their arrival at the principal village, one of the seniors, named Farnacaha, came out to meet them:—"My fathers," said he, "we consent to forget all "that is past, and to enter into a fresh alliance "with the Portuguese; but let them be more "moderate in future, and more observant of "our rights. Our attachment to them, entitles us at least to justice; you call us barbarians, yet we respect justice and our "friends." The missionaries after this, engaging for their nation's more religious observance of these laws, Farancaha proceeded: "If you doubt the faith of the Cariges, I will "give you a proof of it. I have a nephew, "for whom I have a great affection; he is "the hope of my family, and the comfort of "his mother: she would die with grief if she "were to lose her son. Yet I will deliver "him to you as an hostage. Take him along "with you, cultivate his young mind, take "care of his education, and instruct him in "your religion. Let his manners be gentle "and pure; I hope when you return you will "instruct me also, and enlighten my mind." Many of the Indians, impressed with like confidence, followed his example, and the Jesuits took care to draw from it the happiest results for the colony.

The tranquillity resulting from these pacific measures, was employed in improving their cultivation of the sugar cane, by the importation of slaves from the Coast of Africa. The Portuguese had no sooner discovered and subdued that vast region, by the voyages to the southward, than they brought away a great number of slaves, who were employed as house slaves, and also in the labours of the field; and about the year 1530 they began to introduce them into their American settlements. The native Brazilians did not learn habits of agriculture from the new settlers, neither did they now obstruct them as at first; but, devoting themselves to less laborious employments, they were induced, in a short time, to supply the colonists with food from their woods and

plains, and this harmonious intercourse became productive of mutual advantages.

At this time, about 1600, Portugal became subject to the Crown of Spain, as we have already related; and the Dutch provinces, having revolted from Philip, and secured their independence, formed a West Indian company on an extensive plan. In furtherance of this design, they turned their thoughts to the Brazils; some information had already been acquired, as several Dutch ships had ventured thither, in defiance of the Portuguese prohibitions. As they brought out their merchandise at a low price, they met with a favourable reception, and on their return reported, that foreign dominion had destroyed all love for their country in the minds of the inhabitants, that the soldiers were inefficient, and that whoever should appear, even with a small force, must inevitably succeed in the conquest of this wealthy colony. An expedition was immediately formed, and the command given to Jacob Willikins in 1624. He went directly to the capital San Salvador, which surrendered, without a shot being fired, at the sight of the Dutch squadron; and with little more resistance they obtained possession of the whole of this province, which was the largest, richest, and most populous of the colony. The Portuguese, unwilling to lose so valuable a settlement, strained every nerve to fit out a fleet in concert with the Spaniards; and in the beginning of 1626, twenty-six ships with troops sailed for the Brazils. The Archbishop of San Salvador de Texeira, had prepared matters to co-operate with his countrymen; this military prelate therefore, at the head of 1500 men, gave the first check to the invaders, whom he had harrassed, and so completely beaten, that they were obliged to retire into the town. Hunger, want, and extreme fatigue, soon obliged the Dutch to surrender to the newly arrived force, and they were all sent to Europe. Unwilling to lose so fine a colony, the Dutch sent a fleet in 1630, under Henry Lonk, who with forty-six sail, arrived on the coast of Fernambucco, one of the largest captain ships, and the best fortified. He took possession of it after some smart actions, in which he was always victorious; and the troops he left behind soon completed the capture of Paraiba, Rio Grande, &c. in 1635. These districts afforded the Dutch large quantities of sugar, dyeing woods, and other valuable produce. Elated with these partial advantages, the Dutch determined on the total conquest of the colony, and for this purpose sent out Prince Maurice of Nassau, with a large force; he arrived in 1637, and immediately took the field. For a length of time he was successful against all the efforts of the Portuguese, and had made himself completely master of the most fertile and richest half of Brazil. In 1649 the revolution took place, which called the House of Braganza to the throne of Portugal; the new king immediately made a peace with the Dutch, ceding to them that part of Brazil which they possessed. Nassau was immediately recalled, and a Commercial Governor appointed, but the views of this man were too circumscribed for a great colony; the fortifications were neglected, and the Portuguese were impelled to revolt from tyranny and oppression.

Juan Fernandez de Viera who, from low birth, had arisen to consequence and wealth, by commerce, was at the head of the conspirators; his probity had acquired him the confidence of the people, and his generosity had attached to him a number of friends, devoted to his interest.

His name, his virtues, and the hope of throwing off a foreign yoke, assembled around him; the soldiery, the colonists, and even many of the natives; and his exertions were crowned with success. Driving the Dutch out of the most fertile parts of the colony, they were soon cooped up in a small space; and, in 1654, a capitulation was signed, by which they evacuated the colony, and gave up farther claims to it. This capitulation was followed by a treaty, in which Portugal agreed to pay 400,000*l.* to the United Provinces, and secured the colony entirely to herself. This transaction took place in the year 1661, and thus forms a new æra in the History of Brazil.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON EPIC POETRY AMONG THE GREEKS,

(Continued from page 14.)

IN our last number we said a great deal concerning the attacks which have been levelled at Homer on account of his *Machinery*, we shall now endeavour to show that the critics have been equally unjust in impeaching him for the *characters of his heroes*.

In Homer's time, bodily strength was every thing: and, as warriors were cased in iron and copper, he who could bear without inconvenience the strongest and heaviest armour, who could strike the most vigourous blow, and penetrate most forcibly the defence of cuirasses and bucklers, was a formidable creature, was, in short, a hero. This superiority, once recognized, regulated his rank; and hence it happens that in the Iliad a very courageous warrior so often confesses that another is superior to him, and accordingly retires. Now-a-days, when the employment of arms which every body can manage with equal ease, and the principle of honour which forbids one man to yield to another, have placed on a level all who are capable of fighting, we should reasonably be shocked to see one warrior fly before another, and confess himself his inferior. But in Homer, Æneas says, without any emotion of shame, to Achilles: "I know that you "are more valiant than I"—which means only, I know that you are a stronger man. Accordingly there is not a single hero in the Iliad, except only Achilles, who never retreats: the distinction of the bravest, as Ajax and Diomedes, is to retreat fighting.

It must be observed that whatever may be the natural qualifications of any of the heroes, those qualifications are always thrown into the back ground when the Divine Power interposes. From the Gods are supposed to proceed all valour, all wisdom, all fortune. Æneas, even when he confesses the superiority of Achilles, adds, "Yet if any God protect "me, I may be able to vanquish you." When Agamemnon has a mind to excuse his conduct toward Achilles, he says that some God has been troubling his reason. It is the protection of some God which confers victory by turns on the Grecian and the Trojan army. The Gods spread consternation, or infuse spirit through all the forces; and we ought not to consider these divine interpositions as derogatory from the glory of warriors, when the whole system of the times so clearly proves to us, that the greatest honour, the greatest distinction, which a mortal could receive, was the patronage and protection of heaven.

But though this universal and paramount power of the Gods would, in the verses of a common poet, have confounded all distinction of character, yet Homer has most admirably preserved to each person the proportionate importance, and the peculiar feeling with which that person commenced his career in the Iliad. The best judges have all conspired in praising Homer for this wonderful art of introducing and supporting so many characters, and of making the physiognomy of each so strikingly different from those of all the rest. Agamemnon, if we may venture to say so, is the only person who seems to play a part, ignoble and inferior to his rank. I do not reproach him for his quarrel with Achilles, because that is the foundation of the poem, and is indeed sufficiently explained by the haughty temper which the poet has ascribed to him: but in no other instance does he perform any act which excuses his faults towards Achilles, and justifies the pre-eminence he holds among all the chiefs. He twice assembles the leaders of the army in order to exhort them to flight: and though some advocates of Homer have endeavoured to palliate this imbecillity, we cannot help feeling it completely inexcusable. The true model of a general is the Godfrey of Tasso: and indeed it is Tasso alone, who can dispute with Homer that Epic merit, which consists in the sustained beauty of various characters.

Above all the characters, that of Achilles is the most admirable, from the matchless force with which it is first drawn, and the undeviating firmness with which it is afterwards supported. Some people have very inconsiderately said, that his valour had nothing in it to excite admiration, because he was invulnerable. But

these cavillers have quite forgotten that there is not a single word about invulnerability in the Iliad; and indeed if they had ever read that poem, they would have found that Achilles, so far from being invulnerable, is actually, in one instance, wounded, and sees his blood flow. But the poet has shown admirable art, in giving to this hero the certainty of perishing before the walls of Troy. This was necessary in order to balance his vast superiority over all the other warriors, He spreads death, it is true, on every side; but he may encounter death at every step: and though he is certain of never finding a conqueror, he is certain of marching to destruction. His youth, his beauty, the boast of his divine descent, all the sacrifices that he makes to glory, when he voluntarily accepts a premature and inevitable death, all serve to shed around him that brilliancy and interest which is always attached to extraordinary men. After that, we are no longer astonished that heaven should have interested itself so deeply in his quarrel, and that Jupiter should have promised Thetis to avenge his cause, and give victory to the Trojans, until the humiliated Greeks had expiated their injustice, and implored his support. Surely never did man conceive a more magnificent idea, than that of composing, from the repose of a warrior, the action of a poem!

All the events in the Iliad are so disposed as to aggrandize the hero, and every great object which surrounds him, still serves to increase the effect of his greatness. When the Greeks fly before Hector, the attention of the reader immediately turns upon Achilles, who, sitting tranquilly in his tent, deplores so many brave men sacrificed to the pride of Agamemnon, and exults in beholding the humiliation of that pride. He sees all Greece at his feet, and still he is inexorable; but he yields to the tears of a friend, and allows Patroclus to fight in his armour. With what warmth of attachment does he urge him to stay his career when he has beaten back the Trojans, and not to seek a combat with Hector! How profound is his grief on the loss of this much-loved friend, the companion of his childhood! Revenge has made him abandon warfare: revenge alone can make him resume it. His purpose is not to save Greece, but to avenge Patroclus. For Patroclus he still weeps, even while he drags the body of Hector round the walls of Troy, and mingles the drops of pity with the tears of rage. But he weeps also when he restores to Priam the body of his unfortunate son: he pities the ill-fated old man, and yet threatens, even while he pities. And from this mixture of sensibility and ferocity, of rage and compassion, from the ascendant over all the world, which we are always struck by beholding in an individual, and from those foibles which we are glad to find even in what is greatest, arises the most poetical character that ever was conceived!

The manners constitute one of the most important articles of Epic Poetry: and Homer has been as much attacked upon this subject as upon any other. It is unquestionably true, that the manners described by Homer, are not the manners which agree with those refined notions which we now a-days entertain; but that which is revolting in one age, is exceedingly agreeable in another; and the business of a poet is, at last, to paint the manners of his times. Indeed it is difficult to conceive how Homer could have painted any others, consistently with that general appearance of truth which it was necessary for him to preserve.

That man must be very little acquainted with the Arts, who does not know that the nearer the objects of imitation approach their first model, which is nature, the more they conduce to favour the artist, to display his talent, and to produce the effect which he proposes to himself: provided always that they do not descend into that which is low and disgusting. Now, it very seldom happens that any thing done by Homer's personages, however simple, appears actually low, even to the eyes of the most cultivated nations: and in the rude ages, in which the poem was composed, there could have been no person whose delicacy might be offended by a representation of the actual manners of the kings and heroes of the time. A poet no more requires the external ornament and pomp of courts and camps to give brilliancy to his colours, than a sculptor needs gold and silver to make a beautiful statue. Fame has loudly celebrated the observation made by Zeuxis to an indifferent painter, who had represented a Venus stuck with precious stones and shining garments: "My good friend," said Zeuxis, "you have done quite right in making "her fine, as you could not make her beauti-"ful." Give to a true poet the choice of two subjects, one of which shall be a splendid embassy, and the other an interesting situation in rural life: he will not hesitate which to chuse. And the reason is plain; that in the former instance he must speak only to the eyes and the imagination, in the latter it is easy for him to address the heart. The poets, ancient and modern, present innumerable pictures,

which are highly interesting, of poverty, simplicity, and frugality. These are passages that we quote, that we know by heart; while all the luxury of courts has but furnished us with a few glittering descriptions which are scarcely remembered. Some persons have exclaimed that Achilles ought not to have been represented as himself preparing the meal which he gives to the deputies of Agamemnon; but let any reader fairly peruse this part of the Iliad; let him observe the hero directing his friend to fill a large vessel with the purest wine, and to hand it freely, because the guests at this moment in his tent are the men whom he holds most dear: let the reader then see him with Patroclus and Automedon, sharing the business of the feast, setting the copper vessels on the fire, placing on the burning coals the flesh of the lamb and the kid, preparing and distributing the banquet; and then let this reader ask himself whether he should have liked better to find Achilles coolly ordering his steward to bid the cook dress a grand dinner! It is impossible not to feel how forcible and how full of animation is the picture that Homer has presented—it is impossible not to feel, that this simple and unostentatious hospitality, this care, this zeal, on the part of such a man as Achilles, receiving Ajax and Ulysses, far from degrading real greatness, make it more amiable and more interesting, by bringing it nearer to common feelings, in those familiar matters of the heart, on which all men, great or humble, must feel alike. If a poet had taken for his subject that part of ancient history, in which the Romans were attacked by Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, and should have occasion to describe the embassy which the monarch dispatched to corrupt Curius by presents, that poet would hardly think it advisable to omit the story of the herbs which Curius dressed with his own hand, and which he set before the deputies with these famous words: "You see that he who lives thus can want "nothing. The Romans do not wish for gold; "they only desire to govern those who have "it." Surely the plate of herbs does not injure the effect of this answer.

Some other delicate critics have been shocked to find *Nausicaa*, the daughter of *Alcinous*, King of the Phacians, going with her women to wash her own clothes and those of her brothers. Yet, perhaps, this is one of the most beautiful passages in the whole *Odyssey*. We cannot but be charmed with the grace, the modesty, the ingenuousness, the noble condescension and generous pity of this young princess, when *Ulysses*, just escaping from shipwreck, presents himself before her, and implores her protection and assistance. That interesting compassion, which is so natural to her sex, overcomes the terror with which she is inspired by the sight of a man half-covered with sea-weed, and appearing in the deplorable condition of a creature just saved from the overwhelming fury of destructive billows. She listens to the prayer of the suppliant; she stops her attendants, who are flying in great alarm, causes him to be provided with clothes, promises him her own assistance and that of her parents, and reascending her chariot to return to the city, checks the speed of her horses, in order that the weary *Ulysses* may have less difficulty in keeping pace with her equipage. It is by knowing how to touch properly on these little details, that a poet seizes nature and contrives to make her felt. Modern authors, for the most part, have been exceedingly deficient in this respect. They are so much afraid of becoming mean, that they are usually dry and vague in all their expressions. These poets have the same sort of false politeness in this point, that is observable in many vulgar people, who have a mind to be thought genteel, and therefore are afraid to call things by their plain names. It was the consciousness of this dry and cold generality, which induced several modern poets to rush into the contrary extreme; and now, because simplicity and a just description of what is agreeably natural, are confessed to be highly meritorious in poetry, we have a new school of bards, who mistake folly for simplicity; and when they ought to throw their arms round the neck of Nature, content themselves with licking the dust off her feet.

Of all the reproaches which have been directed against the *Iliad*, there is none so well founded as those condemning that superfluity of battle pieces which crowd the canvass of Homer. Certainly, four or five successive books, containing nothing but battles, have a disagreeable monotony; and this is a fault which Virgil and Tasso have had the discretion to avoid. But while we admit this fault, we venture to say, that it is a fault which could scarcely have been redeemed by any other poet than Homer; nay, Homer has been able to make it productive of real beauties, by the extraordinary richness of imagination with which he has decked his engagements. We do not say this from an exuberant admiration for every thing that bears the stamp of antiquity; we give an exact statement of the impression

which the Poem has made upon our own minds, and we believe, from the general declarations that we have heard from men of taste, with regard to their feelings upon the perusal of the Iliad, that the progress of the impression is pretty nearly the same on most cultivated minds. The reader is first struck with the simple and noble march of the work, with the interesting nature of the fable, with the ingenuity of commencing the operations of the two armies by a single combat between Menelaus and Paris, who are the principal causes of the quarrel, and with the art which the poet displays in preventing, by the interposition of the Gods, the continuance of a combat which, if it had proceeded to its issue, must have terminated the war, and, of course, the career of the poem. He then remarks the passage where Helen walks before the old men of Troy, who look at her with admiration, and are no longer astonished that Europe and Asia have risen in arms for her; and that conversation with Priam, in which she points out to him the principal leaders of Greece, whom the old king, seated on a high tower, sees fighting under the walls. He reads with strong sympathy, the scene of parting between Hector and Andromache, when the hero, who has left the field to give directions for a sacrifice, returns to battle, and departs from his native walls to return no more. Yet the more the reader is delighted with these episodes, the more he regrets that they do not oftener occur, and break the uniformity of the principal action, which from the Fourth Book to the conclusion of the Eighth, is one series of battles. The Ninth Book is, perhaps, superior to all those which precede it; it is that strikingly dramatic division of the poem, in which Homer, as great an orator as poet, has given models of so many distinct styles of eloquence, in the speeches of Phœnise, Ulysses, and Ajax, who, by turns, endeavour to bend the soul of the inexorable Achilles, and in that magnificent answer where the hero lays open all the feelings of his breast. After this, it must be confessed that the episode of Diomedes and Ulysses going to carry off the horses of Rhesus, does appear a little weak;—and Virgil, in his tale of Nisus and Euryalus, has indeed surpassed it infinitely. Then the battles begin again, and one is sorry to perceive it, because one expects that the poet, in pursuing the same subject so far, can do nothing but repeat his own words. But when the reader beholds this poet, in the eleventh and following books, rising superior even to himself, soaring on rapid wing, to a height which seems still to increase, giving a new air to his action, presenting no longer a few partial combats, but the dreadful shock of two mighty masses, dashed against each other by the heroes who command them, and the Gods who inspire them, balancing for a long time with an inconceivable art, that victory which Jupiter has decreed to the valour of Hector—then, then the stupendous powers of Homer are felt and acknowledged: the preceding books, considered with what follows, present to the mind the idea of a fire, which, having consumed a few buildings, appears about to die away for want of fuel; but which suddenly fanned by a powerful wind, spreads flames at once over an entire city! Without the power of breathing, we follow the poet, who hurries us along with him; we fancy ourselves on the field of battle; we see the Greeks, driven between the bulwarks which they have built on the shore, and the vessels which are their last resource;—the Trojans, rushing in a vast body to force this barrier, Sarpecton at the wall, Hector dashing an enormous fragment of rock at the gates which close the aperture of the bulwark, the works giving way, and the conqueror crying aloud for a torch to fire the ships; almost all the chiefs of Greece, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Eurypylus, and Machaon, wounded and off the field; Ajax alone, the last defence of the Greeks, protecting them in some degree by his prowess; and though sinking with fatigue, covered with dust and sweat, and driven to his ship, still keeping off the conquering enemy; then we behold the flames at last bursting from the kindled navy, and at this moment appears the grand and striking figure of Achilles, perched on the prow of his ship, and gazing with a calm but cruel joy on the signal promised by Jupiter, as the tribute to his vengeance. Then it is that we throw down the book to contemplate the magnificence of that towering genius who constructed this mighty machine, and who, at the very moment when he appeared exhausted, could thus increase in grandeur;—then we rejoice that our admiration can equal his merit and his renown;—then we have the satisfaction to find it not in vain, that thirty centuries have consecrated his name, and to perceive it possible that one man may be great, and others candid enough to acknowledge his greatness!

When we have thus given the reins to our admiration, and paid tribute to the paramount powers of Homer, we feel a sort of self-reproach for having ever permitted ourselves to observe his faults. Then, in order to reconcile

ourselves with our consciences, we are obliged to consider the necessity of observing a strict discipline with regard to the rules of poetry; and to repeat to our minds the very well-founded axiom, that if great writers permit themselves to deviate into irregularities, little wits will think themselves entitled to do so too. Horace relates, that as he himself was a pale man, but generally celebrated for his poetry, every paltry scribbler in Rome had a trick of drinking cummin-seed, to take the colour from his cheeks, hoping that any body who could look as pale as Horace, would be considered, like Horace, a poet. We perpetually find, to this day, the same system pursued in all the walks of life: and the moment a man becomes eminent in any art, people imitate his faults, and think they have caught his character. If this be true, we must not allow our admiration so hastily to get the better of our justice, but weigh the faults of Homer himself, as carefully and as impartially as we would the errors of a poet who published but yeterday; and then we shall find, that Homer actually has faults, and many faults. He presents us with passages that are weak, defective, and heavy, with harangues, which are tedious and misplaced; descriptions too minute; disagreeable reflections; and comparisons too uniform, too frequent, or too remote from similarity. But when we have confessed all this, how little shall we have detracted from the real reputation of Homer! for it must, after all, be recollected, that criticism does not destroy the credit of a work, by pointing out its defects:—there is no criticism really formidable, but that which proves the absence of beauties. The beauties of Homer are to be found, first and chiefly, in the conception and conduct of his fable. These beauties can easily be shewn, but hardly denied. He has other beauties, the most conducive of all to the lasting reputation of poetry, because they lead to repeated perusals; and those are the beauties of style. They are lost to us in some degree, because we are not capable of fully appreciating the diction; but we can feel them, as far as they respect the ideas, the imagery, and the harmony.

In the next number we shall conclude our observations on Homer's Iliad, by noticing a few miscellaneous criticisms, which may perhaps amuse our classical readers.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

ON DUELLING.

Sir,

THAT Duelling, in the abstract, is not to be defended on its own principles, as well as that it is contrary to the strict principles of Christian charity, I believe no one will be hardy enough to contradict; yet, (although forbidden by our laws) as it is in some measure a part of our *social* jurisprudence, or rather a *custom*, sanctioned not only by the example of individuals, but even in many instances by the general consent of society, whose *expectations* enforce a kind of necessity on those, who are unfortunate enough to be engaged in disputes, which *the law* will not reach—a fair and candid *pour et contre*, on its general expediency and tendency, and on its *sometimes* particular necessity, will not, I hope, be considered as an attempt to *justify* it, *sui meritis*. In that class of society, for which your pages are more particularly designed, the *necessity* alluded to, is more likely to happen; however, as good breeding and good manners, now happily pervade *every* part of society, and as almost *every* man is ambitious of the name of *gentleman*, a few loose hints may, in some measure, be acceptable to *all*.

Some rigid, and well-meaning moralists, may object that any reasoning on its *necessity*, must increase its *frequency*; but I should rather hope, that the pointing out those offences, those infringements on *les petites morales*, will serve as a beacon to the inexperienced, and operate rather as a preventative, than as a stimulant.

The precise *letter* of the law, designates it as *murder*, but the *spirit* of the law, as acted upon by juries, though perhaps not expressly directed by judges, has seldom carried it beyond *manslaughter*; and in many cases, even where the prisoner has admitted the facts, though, for form sake, he has *pleaded* not guilty, the juries, influenced by a consideration of the accompanying circumstances, have closed the trial by a verdict of acquittal.

I presume no one will contend, that this forbearance in Jurors, is any encouragement to duelling, or that it would even be favourable to a prisoner, in any extreme case.

With respect to the laws of religion, we are certainly expressly told "Thou shalt not kill." —Yet notwithstanding this *express* law, we not only find it *necessary* to give battle to our enemies, but even to shed blood in our own defence, under circumstances of personal attack, or else to take away the life of the criminal, by the application of the law.—Again, some of those who argue against the practice, tell us, that the laws of our country give us redress against personal injuries, and that we should apply to these laws—and that the contrary practice falsely presupposes that duelling is the only bond of society, the only preservative of our social rights, the only safeguard against personal injury. This, say they, is absurd *ab initio*, 'tis paradoxical, that the peace can be preserved by a flagrant breach of that peace, and that the very thing which exposes us to death, can preserve us unconditionally from danger.

This mode of reasoning, when applied to any individual case, may certainly appear plausible. All I contend for is, that the *general result*, from cases of particular *necessity*, is beneficial to society, even where the *injured* party has been the sufferer, in standing forward in defence of his own honour, or of the *decencies* of social life.

If indeed the practice and opinions of the world were completely under the influence of reason and religion, thus forming a system, not only of rational but religious good manners, the plea of *necessity* would be done away, not only with respect to duelling, but, under such a happy *regime*, even with respect to war itself.—Now, Sir, I may be told that the *Society of Friends* not only preach, but also practice this Christian forbearance.—'Tis very true, but that society is small in number, and the checks and guards which operate on the few, though they would be lost upon the many, may be made to apply to every particular case in *their* social commerce; particularly as they keep themselves separated from the rest of society, except in cases of bargain and sale, and such others, as the law of the land will easily reach. This *particular* objection does not therefore affect the general plea.

I have before observed, that in many cases, the *expectation* of the world is, that a man will resent certain offences by an appeal to the laws of honour. Now it may be very easy to confute this error of the world by argument, but who will have the hardihood to oppose it by his practice? Who will submit to the appropriation to himself of the name of *coward!* even though conscious to himself, that he does not deserve it? The opprobrium attached to such a character, insulates a man even in the midst of society, for who will be hardy enough to become, or even to continue his friend or associate? Who will preserve even the common forms of civility, with a man thus driven from all the social comforts of life?—Nay, should he even be still allowed to retain, or have spirit enough himself to attempt to preserve his place in society, how many *minor spirits*, are there not, who trusting to his forbearance, will attempt to establish their own fame, by insulting the man, who, they think, will not fight? To this, the common observation of your readers must yield a ready answer.

If I cannot therefore prevail on society, to listen to my objections, or even if I could, if I cannot convince them that my forbearance arises from motives of religion and morality, and not from the paltry apprehension of personal danger, one great end and design of my example is done away.

If they will not give me credit for the motive, the plea of example falls to the ground.—I therefore certainly avoid risking my life, but at the same time I give up every thing which makes that life desirable. Here the moralist may tell me, that the consciousness of virtue is its own reward.—Very true, and so it *may*, and so it *must* be, but I recollect Mackensie, in his *Man of Feeling*, where an aged cynic, speaks of conscious virtue, makes him say "Yes, the self-approving consciousness of "virtue and charity, is a very fine thing, *par-* "*ticularly* when you have a friend *to tell it* "*to!*"

But we are told, "the fear of the world "ought not to make a man neglect his moral "duties." Why, certainly, in a general sense it ought not; but if a man cannot live in the world, what is he to do? Every man's private fortune will not enable him to retire from the world in conscious innocence—or if it did, still there is a sting which will lodge even in the most virtuous breast, when he reflects that none of his enjoyments can be social, and, therefore, that they must perforce be selfish. Should he apply to books for relief, even there the shades of departed heroes will flit before his averted eye, and drive the rising blush from his pallid cheek.

In the moral conformation of the world, we

see that evil often produces good;—'tis true, I do not contend that we are to practise evil, for the production of this good; yet still when we have a choice between two evils, and must unavoidably be accessary to the one or the other, it surely cannot be blameworthy if we chuse the least; and that we *are* placed in such a dilemma by the laws or customs of society, I presume is self-evident. In this point of view, it is, perhaps, in some measure, fortunate for the well ordering of society, that its comforts, its manners, and even its prejudices are not left to be regulated by the law alone; for if a man was accustomed to yield to every insult, which stopped short of assault and battery, he must divest himself of every honourable feeling.—His own implicit regard to truth, would not save him from receiving "*the lie*;"—his regard to the character of an absent friend, or his humanity in appealing to candour and justice, for the character even of the absent unknown, must alike yield to the overbearing insolence of blackguard ignorance, and boasting strength. What satisfaction, indeed, could be obtained for insults not actionable? or what reparation could a judge give whilst there remained a distinction between a breach of the peace, and a breach of good manners? *What* reparation could a judge or jury give for a trespass against the former?—Even the common decencies due towards those who are weaker than ourselves of *our own* sex, would be overlooked, the attentions due to the other sex would then soon be forgotten, and the comfort and decorum produced by good breeding would soon be unknown.

If the practice of the minor virtues, leads naturally to a strict adherence to the greater ones, which, I believe, will not be denied, are we not then in some measure indebted for the latter, to any practice or custom which will ensure a due attention to the former?—If the question is answered in the affirmative, then Duelling, with all its errors, with all its train of evil consequences, has still some claim upon our gratitude.—If, on the one side, we reckon the evils consequent upon Duelling, it is but fair to speculate on its corresponding advantages, and to consider how many disputes, how many petty quarrels are prevented, whilst the fear of it hangs over the heads of those who would be most likely to offend; it is but fair to consider the decorum which it preserves even amongst Bacchanalians, the respect which it causes to be paid to decency, even amongst societies of *men*, who are *gentlemen*, and indeed we may even believe that the sacred subject of Religion itself, has been often saved from the ribaldry of the drunkard, or the ignorant sceptic, as there *have at least* been men who would for a time lay aside one precept of Christianity, in order to preserve inviolate the sanctity of the others. Now these are offences for which our statutes contain no penalties, I mean when these offences stop short of indecent assault or blasphemy.

We see that the Liberty of the Press is often made the right hand of Licentiousness, to injure private character, because the sneaking villain dares not say what he yet will venture to write; but take away the fear of duelling, and leave us no redress but the law, why then every gentleman on going into a mixed company, must take his consulting attorney or counsel with him to point out what Coke or Littleton will justify him in resenting. Besides, an insult often depends on circumstances that could not be urged in a court of justice; and the virulence or violence of the insult, does not always depend on the quantum of injury; nor does the law give any redress for the lie, though it does for the blow, but even that redress depends upon the quantum of injury, although every gentleman will acknowledge, that a slap on the face is to the full as great an *insult*, as a knock-down blow.

I have thus far confined my observations to men alone, and forborne to examine its good effects with respect to the weaker sex; now I surely do not go too far, when I assert, that all the advantages which they enjoy in the present conformation of society, in a great measure proceed from Duelling and its concomitant results. If we examine the history of early ages, or take a peep at the manners of those countries, where, at the present day Duelling is unknown, we find the fair sex labouring under great privations, and suffering much actual misery. Amongst the Greeks and Romans, the ladies bore but a secondary rank in society; the marriage-tie itself wanted all that delicacy which refines it, even to a state of Elysium; and little indeed could be expected from the fair, when the most sacred and most delicate bonds which unite the sexes, have been broken through to such an extent, when the greatest Romans, nay, when Cicero himself, if my memory mistakes not, lent his wife to a friend. Amongst these people, Duelling was unknown, until the hordes of the north, infused at the same time, into the softer nations, their spirit of chivalry, of generous attention to the fair, and the trial by combat. Let us now look at the nations of the present day, where it is unknown: in Turkey, in Mo-

rocco, or in the milder regions of the East—there, alas! the fair sex are either the imprisoned slaves of ambition, pride, and lust, or else they are literally hewers of wood, or drawers of water. I speak not from hearsay, but from actual observations in a life spent in traversing the four quarters of the globe; and I have always observed, that where men have the strictest regard to their own honour, they have always paid the greatest attention to the honour and comforts of others, particularly of the softer sex. It is not my wish, sir, to be an advocate for revenge; but simply to justify that *spirit*, to itself, which is not willing to take an insult, nor yet to give one; and I hope I have succeeded in shewing, that Duelling, although it is an evil, is yet a necessary one.

L.

THE ARBITRATOR.—No. IV.

THE attention of the Arbitrator has hitherto been directed only to the defects of the popular periodical works. In the present Number we will notice the pretensions of a gentleman who does not commit himself to paper, like the declaimers of the Newspapers and Magazines, but who aims at acquiring the reputation, at once, of an orator, a poet, a critic, an actor, and a schoolmaster. Now, as this gentleman, who is called Mr. Thelwall, has not merit enough to fit him for any one of these honourable titles, our readers may, perhaps, conceive that we are blameable in wasting the columns of our Magazine on an object avowedly so insignificant. But we do not conceive it necessary that the object of our notice should have obtained fame: it is sufficient for us, if the person, or the work, or the system, against which our censure is directed, have succeeded in acquiring notoriety. Fame itself can be gained by that which may, nevertheless, be exceedingly open to animadversion. *The Edinburgh Review*, which we intend to make the subject of a future Arbitrator, is a striking example of this truth; but we require no more than the species of publicity which has been attained by Mr. Thelwall, and which arises, not from a strength of ability, triumphant over a thousand faults, but simply from the unlimited system of puffing. Mr. Thelwall is a gentleman, whose residence and profession are as generally celebrated as Mr. Garrow's; and why—because Mr. Thelwall understands a liberal profession as well as Mr. Garrow? No—because Mr. Thelwall advertises every day in the morning papers; and he is generally celebrated, just as Mr. Bish, the lucky lottery-office keeper, and Mr. Fawcett, the Proprietor of the Brilliant Fluid devil knows what Blacking, are generally celebrated.

But, as it happens, in this great and credulous town, unless the mischievous effects of imposture, are prevented by detection, that every man who pretends to science, acquires, after a little bragging, the credit of a scientific man; and that he who wishes to gain a reputation for genius will generally succeed, by declaring himself to possess that reputation, we think it our duty to warn those among our readers, whose education and pursuits may have prevented them from examining for themselves the subjects on which Mr. Thelwall lectures, and put them on their guard against the errors which they must commit, if they allow themselves to credit his theories, or imitate his practice.

Mr. Thelwall has a house in Bedford-place, and he advertises an Institution for the "*Improvement of English Elocution*, the cure of "Impediments of Speech, and the *Instruction* "*of Foreigners in the Idiom and Pronunciation* "*of the English language.*" Here he delivers "*a miscellaneous* course of Lectures, on the "*genius, composition, and utterance of the* "*English language*, and its capabilities for "*the poetical harmony, and oratorial expres-* "*sion; including Strictures on the Stage, the* "*Bar, the Pulpit, and the Senate; and on the* "*Elocution of the most distinguished characters* "*of the age*: an Exposition of the causes of "impediments, *defects, and ungraceful modes* "*of speech*; and illustrations of the studies, "habits, exercises, and endowments, most es-"sential to the *graceful Reader, the finished* "*Actor, and the accomplished Orator.* Recita-"tions, with *critical* Dissertations and Orations "on popular and interesting topics!!!" A very dashing Bill of Fare indeed!

Before we analyse the ingredients of the *feast* he sets before his visitants, we must inform our readers that there is a sort of garnish to the banquet, which consists in the decorations of "*the Lecture Room.*" The most striking of these decorations are the likenesses

of those persons, who have been particularly eminent in the arts with which Mr. Thelwall concerns himself. The most distinguished Poets, and orators of the Bar and of the Senate, are certainly well selected for his ornaments. We have, among others, Homer and Milton, Lord Mansfield and Lord Erskine, Lord Chatham, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Demosthenes, and Cicero: but as it was necessary to take some notice of the stage, he has placed over his own chair, Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Garrick, and—(gentle reader, pray admire the classification)—whom? Æsopus? No—Mr. Kemble? No—Wilkes, Betterton, Salma? No, no, no, none of these, but—*Master Betty!!!* Master Betty, with Homer, Lord Erskine, Mr. Fox, and Mrs. Siddons!

Pretty, in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs and maggots, straws, and dust, and worms!
The things themselves are neither good nor rare,
One wonders how the devil they got there.

This is "coupling Hercules and a cockle-"shell" with a vengeance.

We have given Mr. Thelwall's pretensions in his own words, and we will now go through his advertisement in regular order.

His *Institution*, he tells us, is intended for *the Improvement of English Literature*, the cure of Impediments of Speech, and the *Instruction of Foreigners in the Idiom and Pronunciation of the English language*. As we have never heard him deliver a private lesson, we can say nothing on his powers in removing impediments of speech, but he "demonstrates "his capabilities for improving Literature and "instructing Foreigners by his *miscellaneous* "course of lectures." Two of his lectures we have attended; and if the word miscellaneous, which properly designates mixture, may be stretched, so as to denote a jumble, Mr. Thelwall's Lectures are truly *miscellaneous*.

On the genius of the English language. How far Mr. Thelwall understands the genius of the English language, which does not, by any means, disdain the aids of grammar, men of common education will judge from such singular felicities of expression, as—"Any body "*else's* conversation"—"A great part of it "*have* arisen."—"He repeats his dose too *fre-*"*quent*"—and other bold figures of oratory, which, with a most courageous contempt of old-fashioned rules, sparkle through the lectures of Mr. Thelwall, in all the glory of licentiousness.

On the Composition of the English language. The English language, like all other languages, is indeed composed of articulate sounds; but Mr. Thelwall says, those articulate sounds do not, as far as the ear is concerned, compose any such things as words. For since, says he, in elegant speaking, the last letter of one *word* ought always to be implicated with the first letter of the following *word*, the ear can distinguish, in well-spoken language, no breaks of sound at the end of what we call particular *words*, except where a stop occurs; and all these words, spoken from one stop to another, should be to the ear as one word, which would destroy the nature of the things we call *words* spoken, but that the memory of printed words deceive the hearing. That, in some kinds of delivery, one word ought to melt as easily as possible into another, no man who understands any thing of elocution will deny; but, unfortunately for Mr. Thelwall, it occurs, that there are some kinds of delivery, in which a distinct and separate enunciation of each particular word is absolutely necessary for the proper effect of the passage spoken: and Mr. Thelwall himself, a little way further in his lecture, so far forgets his own theory as to talk common sense, and tells us, very coolly, that when there is any fear of a misunderstanding on the part of the hearer, it is absolutely necessary for the orator to deliver himself word by word. Nor let him urge, that this is merely calling in the memory of sight to assist the understanding; for this disjointed way of speaking single words, serves to convey the meaning as distinctly to people who cannot read a single word of printing, as to those who have had the greatest exercise in reading.—So much for Mr. Thelwall's theory of the *component parts* of the English language, as it is spoken and written.

On the utterance of the English Language.—In order to utter the English language, or any other language, with propriety, a man would do well to learn the common pronunciation of common words. To enumerate all the instances of gross error in Mr. Thelwall's pronunciation, would be to print his whole declamation: we noted them for the first five minutes of his oratory, but found them so frequent, that we must have been occupied almost as closely as a short-hand writer, if we had continued to minute them. We subjoin a specimen:

The letter *i* does not allow itself, in our language, ever to assume the sound of an *a*. But Mr. Thelwall, although he is peculiarly conversant with this letter *i*, although throughout

his lectures there is no sound more frequently distinguished than *I*, *I*, *I*, yet sounds it, in the middle of almost all his syllables, as if it were *e*. Thus we have *possable* for possible, *capasity* for capacity, &c. &c. And even poor *y*, which, to be sure, is a sort of cousin to *i*, is twisted by Mr. Thelwall to the same cruel purpose, and the word *analysis* is pronounced by him *analasis*. Equally barbarous is his treatment of innocent *u*: in those cases where its proper sound is the same as that of the word yew; as in *multitude*, which he pronounces *multatoode*; in *opportunity*, which he calls *opportoonaty*; in *endure*, which he calls *endoore*; and in *lecture*, which, instead of pronouncing *lektshur*, he utters as if it were *lectoore*, sounding the *t* hard and the *u* exactly as the Italians usually sound it! But if he forces the *u* to do the office of other letters, he makes some amends to that injured letter, by committing a part of its duty to the *diligent* e: for we find him pronouncing economy as if it were ucconomy; and accomplish*ment*, as if it were accomplish*munt*. And he yet further compensates the neglect with such words as *multitude* and *opportunity*; he treats the claims of *u*, by reserving the sound *yew*, which in both the last-mentioned words it ought to have, and giving to the malcontent letter, that sound of *yew*, in a place where it has no sort of pretension to it, as in the word minute, which correct speakers pronounce *minit*, but which Mr. Thelwall calls *minyewte*; and in the word nature, which correct speakers pronounce *naytshur*, but which Mr. Thelwall calls *naytyewre*. Nor is *a*, the first of all the vowels, safe from his severe attack: for whereas *a*, in *any*, was heretofore always considered as capable of giving to the word the pronunciation, *enny*, Mr. Thelwall has retrenched its privilege, and restricted to its own broad sound, by making the word *ainy*. In some other words, the *a* had the sound of a *u*: as in terminate, properly pronounced *terminut*; but Mr. Thelwall, instead of saying *terminutted*, says, drawlingly, *terminaited*. We have been used to hear enunciation called *enunshiashun*; but Mr. Thelwall, with a most syllabic precision, calls it *eenunseeashun*. The Æneid he accents on the second syllable, and makes *Æné'ead*: the word harmónics he accents on the last syllable, and makes *harmonics*, &c. &c. &c. ! ! !

On the probabilities of the English Language for Poetical Harmony. Mr. Thelwall declares, that when his system of implication, as he calls it, or the melting of words into one sound, is completely practised, which, in good recitation, he contends, must always happen; then there is no sort of difference as to harmony, between a line of polysyllables, and a line of which every word is monosyllabic. Therefore, says he, Mr. Pope has made a great mistake in asserting, that those passages, which are composed of monosyllables, in general want harmony to the ear; and here Mr. Thelwall quotes the famous couplet from that Poet's Essay on Criticism:

"Where monosyllables their aid do join,
"And ten low words oft creep in one dull line."

But, says Mr. Thelwall, combine your words in such a manner as to introduce only a proper proportion of vowels, liquids, and hard consonants, and you will then find, that though each word be a monosyllable, the line may be exceedingly fluent and harmonious: and by way of affording an instance of *fluency* and *harmony*, he gives us a parody of his own, which he conceives most happily adapted to illustrate his theory. It would be indeed a cruelty to withhold it from our readers:

Your consonants and vowels well combine,
And ten small words may flow in one *smooth* line!

Now we think that Mr. Thelwall has, in this instance, with a generosity not at all unusual in his declamations, consented to furnish his adversaries with weapons to be employed against himself; for if Mr. Pope's line was intentionally bald, Mr. Thelwall's is absolutely grating to the ear, and serves as a proof, if proofs were wanting, that monosyllables are really destructive of poetical harmony. We do not mean to say that it is impossible to select monosyllables in such a manner, as to compose a *smooth* line; but certainly, monosyllables can hardly, by the most remote possibility, compose a *sonorous* line; and the reason of this monosyllabical cocophony is to be found in one of those very principles which Mr. Thelwall has learnt, and yet does not know how to apply, in the principle, that an exorbitant proportion of consonants to a vowel creates unvaryingly a harsh and disagreeable sound. Now, as monosyllables have, for the most part, a much larger number of consonants depending on every vowel than almost any polysyllable contains, it, of course, is a general rule, with very few exceptions, that lines composed of monosyllables, are to be avoided in poetical composition, as either bald or rugged.

But, as monosyllables, from their great simplicity, are most particularly capable of conveying the genuine feelings of the heart to the

understanding of the most uncultivated persons, there are some occasions where it becomes essential to a poet to employ them. How to introduce these exceptions in the best possible manner, no man has known better than Mr. Pope himself, who has laid down the general rule before quoted; for, in his Eloisa, he has written several lines composed of monosyllables, which lines, nevertheless, taking care to avoid a crowd of harsh consonants, he has made exquisitely beautiful and unquestionably harmonious. But the number of monosyllables, which are not encumbered with a heavy clog of hard consonants, is in our language so small, that it would be almost impossible to construct twenty lines of such monosyllables, and consequently it would be almost impossible to construct twenty monosyllabic lines which should not be bald or rugged. If any reader would take the trouble of dividing, in a few of the most polished works, all the the monosyllabic lines from the rest of the verses, he would be surprised to find how great a collection he would have acquired of comparatively harsh and disagreeable sounds. For he must not allow himself to be deceived by the sweet, simple, or sublime ideas which these monosyllabic passages very frequently convey; but, putting the sense completely out of the question, must merely employ his ear to decide upon the cadence, as he would if the sounds were in a language which he did not understand. Mr. Thelwall, deceived by the sublimity of the idea expressed, quotes, as a proof of monosyllabic harmony, a passage, which, being prose, is not perhaps strictly in point, but which serves clearly to shew how the sense may deceive us, in judging of the sound; it is the verse of Genesis:

And God said, let there be light—and there was light.—

But if a foreigner, who did not understand the meaning of these words, should hear them read, even with all Mr. Thelwall's boasted implication, we question whether he would experience half so much pleasure from his sense of hearing, as a schoolboy feels from the repetition of such a line as Virgil's:

Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulcris,

or a hundred other passages in the same author—though Mr. Thelwall pretends, that the polysyllabic structure of the Latin and Greek languages gives them no advantage in harmony, over those, which, like the English, are constructed of little words.

Another of our Lecturer's droll ideas of poetical harmony, is to be found in his theory of English heroic verse; which, says he, does not consist of Iambic feet, but of crotchets, and quavers, and minims, disposed in so many bars. Now, if he could have proved that all verses did actually consist of a definite number of bars, and given us any rule by which we might positively ascertain each pause, when he supposes a bar to end or begin, we might have some faith in his assertions; but while we find that he declares a verse to be capable of containing six, *or sometimes eight*, bars, we must be excused from believing the preacher of so vague a doctrine: for as each bar, whether composed of minims, or of a correspondent quantity of crotchets, or quavers, must, according to every sound principle, occupy an equal portion of time, how can a line, containing six of his bars, and occupying perhaps six seconds in the utterance, correspond with another line, containing eight bars, and occupying of course eight seconds in the utterance? But perhaps Mr. Thelwall, in all cases exceeding six bars, will quicken his time, whether the sense of the verse require it or not, so as to bring his eight bars into the time of the six seconds. The fact is, that though our English heroic verse resembles the pure Iambic more nearly than any other of the ancient measures; yet it is not always completely pure Iambic, but frequently admits, and indeed is improved by the introduction of Trochaic feet; and to call it pure Iambic, or pure Trochaic, or pure any thing else, with reference to the measures of the Greeks and Romans, is to call it by a title to which it has no right. Our language in its poetical arrangements, has no sort of analogy with those of the ancients; our syllables, unlike theirs, have different quantities in different situations—our heroic verses, unlike theirs, consist of an invariably definite number of ten syllables, except only in the case of the Alexandrine, which contains twelve; and since the genius of the English is so materially distinct from the genius of the classic languages, it is as absurd to bind our mother tongue by the rules that directed those of other nations, as it would be to swaddle an African with furs, because a Laplander finds it necessary to be warmly clad.

On the capabilities of the English language for oratorical expression. Mr. Thelwall, if in some cases he be a bitter enemy, in others is certainly a warm friend; for having once undertaken the defence of the monosyllables, he finds out fresh virtues in those little

things, and discovers that they not only have as much harmony as longer words, but that they alone are proper to convey precise ideas. He says, that a man who knew exactly what he talked about, would never employ a dissyllable, because all dissyllables must needs have some latent adscititious meaning, must needs convey some more complex sense than a monosyllable, although, from our ignorance of etymology, we cannot point out the component parts of the adulterated sound we utter. This doctrine he applies to all words which purport to convey only a single idea; as to words confessedly compound, and intended to convey two or more ideas, they are out of the question. But does Mr. Thelwall seriously believe, that in the origin of language, there were monosyllables enough to express all our single ideas? And does he seriously believe that all words of more than one syllable must have been manufactured from some monosyllabic root? Really, the idea is too preposterous to be worth further notice!

Critical dissertations. Our readers will easily believe in the *critical* powers of a man, who calls the letter *s*, at the end of the words, *explatives*, and *aids* the *sibilant s!* the *sibilant s*, is the *hissing s*; and every body knows, that this *s final*, so far from being a *hissing s*, is sounded like a *z*.

Illustrations of the studies, habits, &c. most essential to the graceful reader, the finished actor, and the accomplished orator,—recitations, &c.

Before Mr. Thelwall arrived at his recitation, we guessed exceedingly well, from his preceding performances, how *completely he must be suited* for the illustration of the studies conducive to oratoric and dramatic excellence; and our readers, no doubt, have by this time pretty nearly made up their minds as to the probable merit of Mr. Thelwall's recitations. Indeed he fully answered our lowest expectations. His subject was a translation from the *Abbé De Lille's L'Homme des Champs*; and he preceded that entertaining exhibition, by telling us that a reader ought not to make a pause at the end of each line, but only to lengthen his accent on the last syllable. He then began, and did so paw, and pause, saw the air with his hands, danced about upon his little stage, start into the heights of an affected treble, descend into the abyss of bellowed bass, roll his eyes, and distort his jaws, that nothing but a respect for good manners could have prevented us from indulging in what is called a horse laugh. Such a caricature of expression, to be sure, was never seen! He contrived to lengthen his accents in a good many places; but whether this happened most frequently at the beginning, in the middle, or on the end of a line, it is impossible for us to tell, because he read in so new a style, that we had as much difficulty in hunting the rhyme, as we had in guessing the sense. The passage which he read is by no means ill-translated; but venison itself is disagreeable when the ignorance of the cook has dried fat and lean into one huge cinder.

While he reads then, he acts; and of all the pompous nothings that were ever heard in a barn, to the terror of peaceful villagers, assuredly his acting is the most bombastic. If any of our readers have a mind to amuse themselves, we can with confidence recommend it to them to visit Mr. Thelwall; and if, like the guest in Joseph Andrews, they have the faculty of laughing inwardly, they will receive as much enjoyment from one of these lectures, as from the most miserable set of apprentices who ever strutted through a private play at the Lyceum.

Perhaps some people may be a little surprised to see in his bills, the very moderate terms on which this "*graceful reader, finished actor, and accomplished orator*," is so good as to give his instructions; for really, considering the advantage of such a master, the money is absolutely nothing!

Private lessons, at the house of *the Professor*, and in cases where there is no impediment—first course of six lessons, three guineas.—Single lesson, *one guinea!* &c.

Private lessons to ladies or gentlemen, having no impediment, at their own residences, first lesson, two guineas! Each succeeding course of three lessons, two guineas! &c.

Single lessons, not taken in regular series, one guinea!

To foreigners, at the house of "*the Profes-*" *sor*," first course of six lessons, five guineas! &c.

To foreigners, at their own residences, first lesson, two guineas! single lessons, two guineas! &c.

Cases of impediment, at the house of the Professor, first course of ten lessons, ten guineas! &c.—To ladies and gentlemen, at their own residences, first course of six lessons, ten guineas!! Each succeeding course of six lessons, five guineas!!—*Consultation fee, where no lessons are taken*, five guineas!!!

Nor is the valuable science of elocution understood and practised by Mr. Thelwall alone—for his lady undertakes the superintendance

of junior pupils. As it is to be presumed that she proceeds upon the principles of her *lord and master*, it would be unnecessary to indulge in conjectural attacks upon her system; and as she is a lady, it would be ungallant to censure her, unless she has publicly betrayed some heinous incapacities.

But we have felt ourselves entitled to say thus much of Mr. Thelwall, because, in the first place, he assumes to himself a most censorial style of criticising, or rather discussing, the merits of all other public speakers; and since he has put himself up to public judgment, he has become as fair an object of animadversion, as any of the persons whom he condemns. And when he actually undertakes the education of youth in so important an art as that of elocution, when by the unlimited breadth of his professions, he deludes incapable persons into a notion, that he is actually adequate to the task of instructing their children, we think it an imperious duty to unmask a man, who, like the misanthrope, poisons the springs from which the water of his fellow-citizens are to be drawn.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.

Sir,

IN the present rage for companies I observe that all parties talk much of the *public* good that will result from them, but none have candour enough to mention the *private* accommodation that is expected to follow. Now, Sir, *I* wish to come forward with proposals which shall, in the first instance, be for the *private* satisfaction of the adventurers; but, at the same time, I have no doubt that much *public* good will also be produced. I have great reason to believe that you will acknowledge my scheme to be apparently the most *productive* of any yet mentioned, and that fifty *per cent.* must be the *first* dividend on the stock employed; and I think it will also appear that if these *dividends* are brought into the trade, they will also be equally profitable in the course of twenty years, thus operating like compound interest.

It is true there are some private adventurers already in the trade, such as the lady near Soho-square, &c. who offer in their advertisements to deal largely in the article; but as theirs are but perishable commodities, and which cannot be insured at any of the fire offices, it is evident, that no considerations of *their* interest, ought to stand in the way of our grand scheme.

The firm is to be called *The Real Original British Anti-Celibacy Company*, and to consist of seven millions of shares, that being about the number of single folks in the kingdom between fifteen and five and forty.

Each shareholder, shall subscribe his or her name, and place of residence, and describe the stock each means to bring into the concern; but there shall be no *call* on any of the subscribers, until the first meeting, when the sense of the shareholders shall be taken, and I have no doubt that we shall pair off, in great numbers.

To preserve order and decorum, our *directors* shall be chosen from among the clergy, and all shareholders will be obliged to provide themselves with *licences*: every member shall also be accountable for two shares, and not to be exonerated, except by *Act of Parliament*, or *finally* quitting the concern.

It is well known there are many single ladies who live retired, and, being great economists, have a private stock, which they might wish to bring into the market; now, Sir, by my plan even the *smallest* sums may be brought into circulation, and as there is no doubt but that the stock must *rise* rapidly, it will be proper to subscribe early, as we shall certainly have the *first dividend* before the end of the year.

Shareholders, on admission, shall be obliged to *make oath*, that they will not engage directly or indirectly in any other speculation of the same nature; nor will any member be allowed to manage more than their *own* share of the business.

As we shall have a number of good things in our society, we shall doubtless have many candidates for the different offices, such as *inspectors*, *messengers*, and *auditors*; the first

shall be exclusively for the elderly ladies, the second office may be given to those who are fit for nothing else, and as for the third, *that* shall be confined solely to the gentlemen, as it is very unlikely that any of our *female* subscribers will be anxious for the office.

The advantages resulting from this new plan are incalculable; its shares will form part of the real *consols*; and it will even form a kind of sinking fund to recruit our losses during the war; the demand for white ribbands will prove matter of good speculation for the mercers, and be infinitely superior to the blues, buffs, and orange of election times.

Our jewellers (unless we can capture a coral fishery), will be unable to supply the demand; indeed, the only trade that can be hurt by it will be the manufacture of *horns!*

As the calls of the war will, in some degree, impede our manufacture, it will be necessary to import some of the *raw material*, from our sister Country, and this amongst other good things, will convince our female shareholders of the good effects of the *union*.

In this great undertaking I intend to be chairman myself, and when my scheme is brought into play, I shall then be at leisure to examine my pigeon holes for many other schemes for public benefit.

As there is a Company in Pall Mall, who are going to bring *light* out of *darkness*, I have it in contemplation to establish a Company who shall supply them with *smoke*. For this purpose, we shall contract for all that is made in town and country, and we shall even engage light transports to follow our fleets, to collect all which they may manufacture: surely our enemies cannot call this illiberal, or a monopoly, as our tars will generously give them as many *shot* as they wish for.

Our chimney sweepers may complain perhaps that this Company will infringe on their rights, but what of that, cannot they exchange their scrapers and soot-bags, for wings and smoke-bags.

I had some thoughts also of forming an Information Company on a grand scale, as there are so many of them in our country towns and genteel villages, who very often deal in articles not genuine; but on consideration it is evident that my first scheme must lessen the demand for the article, as well as that the private dealers in information, will be very happy to become shareholders in the great concern.

One thing more, Mr. Editor, I have a plan which will form a great saving to the nation, and which will soon do away the necessity of mail coaches, post-boys, packets, and handy old nurses; it is a Company for the New Patent Polygraphia, with two pens, by the use of which instrument, in writing a letter with one pen, the other will write you an answer to it. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

MULTIPHILOS.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

OPERA BELLES.

SIR,

I am a young lady *of a description which, according to the bills of the King's Theatre, may be more easily understood than expressed.* Sir, it is a little hard that we should be shut out from the Opera, merely because we are easily understood: for though they admit in that Theatre no *dramatic pieces* which it is easy to understand, yet there can be no reason for extending the prohibition to *ladies*. I have long been waiting in hopes that some periodical Quixote would lift—not indeed his lance, but—his goose-quill, in defence of us injured fair ones: but "the age of chivalry is past." In the times of chivalry, it seems, a woman was allowed to have only one lover: but then every male creature was in duty bound to be her protector. We, who live in modern days, have many admirers, but do not boast a single defender.

Now, Sir, as I am unwilling to believe, that men have now-a-days less gallantry than they used to have, I cannot impute the mortifying backwardness of our advocates to any cause but the peculiar circumstances of the times. Emperor Bonaparte, as Lord —— told me the other day, has been playing such naughty tricks on the land, that our government is determined to do something striking at sea: so the English think fit to search every suspicious vessel. The Managers of the Opera House, to be sure, must pretend to be as clever as Minis-

ters—and every body knows what a difficult matter that is—and so they have a mind to exercise the right of search on us. Now, it is very presumptuous in these people to pretend to any such thing; for a child may as soon expect to know its own father, which the proverb declares to be out of the question, as a door-keeper may discover a woman's character. Oh, Sir! if once a touchstone were established at the doors of the Opera, the Managers might realize a very large income, without the incumbrance of Catalani: for every jealous husband, every anxious lover, every frolicksome lad, and every cunning duenna, would, with much more eagerness, pay half-a-guinea for the certainty of becoming miserable, than give six shillings for an evening's rational entertainment at an English theatre.

I write this, Sir, in the hope that some champion will be induced to undertake our cause in your pages: and the points I most particularly wish them to urge, are the folly of the Managers in attempting to ascertain what the wisdom of ages has been unable to discover; and their ingratitude in banishing a set of people, who are universally acknowledged to be so *attractive* in a Theatre. Besides, Sir, our showy appearance is as much an ornament to the pit, as the dashing brilliancy above us is a credit to the boxes: and the best possible proof of our merit is the assiduity with which our dress and manners are imitated by the women of fashion. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Myrtilla.

BONAPARTE.

AS every thing which may tend to mark, and develope the character of our implacable enemy, at the present moment, must be of importance, we feel convinced that the following anecdote, related to us by a friend, will be interesting to our readers: particularly as it is well authenticated, being known to the whole British Squadron off Toulon, in 1796, though it never formed any part of the *Gazette Dispatches*.

It may be necessary to premise, that the French Army of the South was in possession of great part of the sea coast between Nice and Genoa, in the early part of 1796, and was then recruiting its shattered brigades, to attempt the conquest of all Piedmont. The passage into Italy was, at this period, blockaded by the Austrian and Sardinian forces, under General Beaulieu, and they had hitherto resisted all the efforts of the Republican army to penetrate into the mountainous part of the country.

The French army under Bonaparte were attacked by the Allies at Voltri, a strong position near Savona, and driven back upon the latter town; but the Allies, pushing on too far, found themselves flanked by strong bodies of French troops, which occupied the post of Montenotte, between Voltri and Savona.

To possess themselves of this post, an attack was determined on, which soon commenced, and lasted with various success, until Massena, appearing on their rear, caused a total rout; the Austrians losing three thousand five hundred men, two thousand of whom were prisoners. After this came the battles of Millesimo and Dego, which gave an increased number of prisoners to the Republicans.

The French army now took possession of Genoa, though they still permitted the Genoese colours to fly; and a peace was concluded on the 15th May between France and the King of Sardinia, in which all prisoners were to be restored.

At this time, a British squadron was blockading a French fleet in Toulon, and it was well known that Genoa was completely in the power of France, so much so indeed that the late lamented Nelson, having anchored off the Mole of Genoa, in the Agamemnon, with a sloop of war in company, the batteries were opened on him by the Frenchmen, though the Genoese flag was still flying. A circumstance of this kind was sufficient to rouse the indignation of the Commander in Chief; *he*, however, with that generous intrepidity which marks his character, did not think the poor Genoese answerable for the excesses of the French, and the Genoese ships were even permitted to pass unmolested along shore; thus proving to the surrounding nations that the British flag flew in these seas, not to punish the guilty only, but to succour and protect the injured and unoffending.

Several Genoese ships had passed through the British squadron, steering to the westward,

without deserving notice; until one evening the squadron standing in shore, observed a large *light* ship, who by her manœuvres, seemed anxious to avoid examination, and, therefore, excited suspicion. The flag ship, standing out from the squadron, brought her to, and an officer, being sent on board, found her from Genoa, bound to Barcelona; though the ship was light yet her hatches were battened down, and he insisted on their being opened, when he discovered a number of squalid wretches closely confined. These were all immediately brought on board the flag ship, to the number of seventy, when they declared that they were *Austrian prisoners*, taken at the different actions, already mentioned, and sold by the French Commissaries, by order of Bonaparte, to the Spaniards, for the sum of ten dollars each; they also gave information that many others had already gone to their destination, and that there were some hundreds to follow; the master and crew of the Genoese also confessed, that it was understood the Spaniards had purchased them, for the purpose of working their quicksilver mines in Catalonia.

A general order was immediately given to the squadron, to stop and examine all Genoese ships, and the unfortunate wretches, already saved, were ordered on the poop and mustered, when a complete list of marine clothing was served out to them, an equal number of marines being appointed as their comrades, until they could get a little settled.

These poor fellows were principally Tyrolese mountaineers, and were so ignorant of the difference of nations, that they conceived themselves as having only exchanged one species of slavery for another, until they had been about an hour on board, when, being clean dressed, every man was ordered a pound of bread and a pint of wine; this was to them a convincing proof that they had fallen in with friends, and they soon shewed, by their chorusses of pastoral martial songs, that they found themselves completely at home.—In the course of three weeks, upwards of *four hundred* were thus rescued from slavery, and as there was no means of communication whatever with the Austrian army, their voluntary services were accepted of; two hundred were received into the Marine corps, and the others who had volunteered, but could not be accepted, were instantly received into a Swiss battalion, in our service, then in Corsica. This enlistment being entirely voluntary on their part, and acceded to on ours, as the French army were then in possession of the North of Italy, so that there was no communication with Austria, in any direction on that side.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS OF FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS.

WHEN we read the advertisement of this book in the newspapers, we imagined with pleasure, that a fund of instruction and amusement was provided for us. If any species of biography were amusing, that which was here announced, we thought, must prove particularly so. For some time past, the female sex have peculiarly distinguished themselves by the eccentricity of their philosophical notions, the zeal with which they have maintained them, and the energy with which they have in some instances reduced them to practice. A collection of anecdotes relative to the sentiments and transactions of these remarkable heroines, could not have failed to have been very interesting to all classes of readers; and as the advertisement also informed us, that the narrative was to be written by a philosopher of the other sex; that the lion was to be painted by the man; we really expected no little amusement.

With these impressions we procured the book; but to our inexpressible chagrin, we immediately discovered that we had been *hoaxed!* We had been fairly taken in by the skill of our dexterous male philosopher, who, under the title of *Memoirs*, had actually imposed upon us a *Modern Novel!* Instead of any account of those celebrated ladies, about whose sayings and doings there is so much we were desirous to know, we here found an Allegrina, a Diana, an Imagina, a Cordelia, who sat down very calmly together, to talk over in their own manner, Hume's Essays on the Four

Philosophies. We cannot think that this was a very fair trick in the gentleman who stiles himself the Editor and Publisher, (words, it would seem, of different import in English, though certainly all one in the Greek, and in the Latin too:) he may indeed replenish his pockets for this time, before the public perceive how they are duped, but let him hereafter beware of hanging out the false sign of Memoirs; the hoax will not take a second time. But as we are sorry that it should take at all, and that others should be duped as we ourselves have been; we shall endeavour to give some account of what the public will find in these nominal Memoirs of the Female Sex.

The author who, as we understand, has never crossed the English Channel, happened, as he informs us, to be detained some years ago by the overflowing of the river Garigliano, on his return from Naples to Rome. He was therefore compelled to remain for several days in the celebrated town of Minturnoe, at an inn, so cold, dirty, and supplied with such bad cheer, that it would have been utterly unsupportable, had not a Russian Prince, and an Abbé, his parasite, been *luckily* detained there at the same time. Our author immediately contrived to gain such credit with the Prince as a profound politician, by merely making a few remarks on the power and projects of the august Catherine, that his Highness eagerly entreated him to point out to him the method of becoming a profound politician, without perishing of *ennui*. But however sagacious our author's reply might have proved, it was cut short by the French Abbé, who informed the Prince, that he would certainly effect his object by reading the tragedies of Corneille. The Abbé now began to recite some scenes from the Cinna of that author, during which the Prince fell fast asleep; but the Frenchman soon began to warble an Italian air, in a voice so dreadfully stentorian, that his patron immediately started up, enquiring if the waters of the Garigliano had forced their way into the chamber; and calling for his horses, hastened to retrace his route to Naples.

Our author, having thus found a moment of leisure, took out his journal, and began to write some remarks, no doubt very excellent, upon "mankind and the fine arts;" but just as he was set down, he was, to our inexpressible loss, interrupted by the voices of some females who had just arrived at the inn, and were shewn into an apartment adjoining to his. Only a very thin and imperfect partition separated the two rooms, and our author could hear every word which was said, as distinctly as if he had been in company with the ladies. Here a tough struggle commenced between curiosity and honour; curiosity insisting upon the pleasures of listening, and honour urging the shame of doing so. At length, curiosity triumphed, aided by the information which he had picked up from their discourse, that they were strangers to each other, and consequently were not likely to disclose any family secrets.

He soon discovered that they were four in number, and that each of them was a philosopher of a different sect: one an Epicurean, another a Platonist, a third a Stoic, and a fourth, not a Sceptic, but a Christian. These four ladies, who had, by the best luck in the world, arrived at the very same moment at the inn on the banks of the Garigliano, proceeded to order dinner; a transaction which almost gave rise to a long philosophical discussion; but, with one consent, they agreed to defer it, till they had first enjoyed their dinner. After the dirty business of knives and trenchers was over, the female philosophers proceeded to decide by lot, the order in which their harangues should follow; and Signora Allegrina having obtained the first place, began to talk very fluently in the style of Mr. Hume's Epicurean Philosopher. This lady proved to be a celebrated Parisian opera dancer, who had reduced to practice the whole theory of refined sensual enjoyment. "My dancing," says this philosopher in petticoats, "is criticised and "admired by the most fastidious and enlightened public in Europe. I experience infinite pleasure in the exercise of my abilities. "What a charming idea of love is conveyed "by a well-acted pantomime! What a field "for the display of coquetry! I inspire by "turns, all the passions I express; the most "enlightened as well as the most simple spectator, the most ardent as well as the most "delicate, all acknowledge my power, and "comprehend the expression of my attitudes. "Ah! how lively, how delightful the pleasure I experience, when all eyes are fixed "upon me, all hearts affected; and when the "general admiration which was suspended "from the dread of losing a single movement, "bursts out with enthusiasm; when, with a "last flourish, I escape behind the scenes, and "listen to the *bravo* and repeated plaudits!"

Signora Imagina next took up the discourse; and, as might be expected, was very full of her celestial joys and visions; and not a whit behind the former speaker in the terrestrial pas-

sion of vanity. Moreover, she was exceedingly in love with a British Member of Parliament, whom she had not seen for many years, and whom she never expected to see again. But distance or absence were no wise calculated to abate her passion; her love was pure and ethereal, as it was ardent: she knew that he was animated by the report of her fame, (for she informs us that she is a celebrated painter and poetess,) while at the same time, she in her turn, was inspired by the consideration of his noble patriotic efforts; for she, heavenly soul! knew nothing of the *outs* and *ins*, the truckling for places to those in power, or bellowing with the opposition, should these happen to be refused.

Signora Diana, who had drawn the third lot, declared she understood nothing of the enthusiastic pleasures of Signora Imagina, but thought she herself had found out a much more certain road to happiness in constant activity and exertion. She was one of those high-minded ladies, who thought that the male sex had encroached upon the right of the other, who had not supported their own pretensions by any strenuous efforts. She was emancipated from all those timid fears which usually enervate her sex; she had plunged without apprehension into the intrigues of a court, and having engaged in a successful conspiracy, succeeded in elevating a favourite prince to a throne. She still continued to employ herself in the management of public affairs, and she was at this moment on her return from an embassy of great importance.

Signora Cordelia, the Christian Philosopher, now began to declare her sentiments on the happiest condition of life. She was of a middling rank, the wife of a Leghorn merchant; she was of religious parents; her husband was a man of the same cast; she had lived from her youth among relations and acquaintances, by whom she was beloved; nor does it appear that she had ever stirred from home, unless during this remarkable jaunt to Naples and back again, which she was allowed to perform without a single attendant relative. Cordelia dwelt with the most expressive eloquence on the happiness of a condition such as her's, and concluded that it was as near to perfection as any enjoyed on earth. "Ah! "Cordelia! Cordelia!" exclaimed our author, forgetting that he was only a listener at the partition. At this unexpected sound, the ladies started up, exclaiming that they were betrayed; and Signora Allegrina tripping into his apartment, dragged the culprit into the presence of the whole company. As a punishment for his impertinent curiosity, he was commanded to decide upon their respective opinions with regard to happiness; a decision which they imagined would bring down upon him the wrath of at least three competitors. But our author was too wily to be taken in this trap: he declared that they were all in the right, for all of them had chosen that sort of happiness which best suited her condition and temper: in short, he decided that Allegrina was best fitted by nature and circumstances to be an Epicurean, Imagina to be a Platonist, Diana to be a Stoic, and Cordelia to be a Christian; and consequently neither of them could have been happier by pursuing any other mode of happiness than that which they had chosen. Allegrina was no more suited to be a Christian philosopher than Cordelia to be an Epicurian.

These very accommodating principles made our author a very great favourite with all the ladies; he spent two days with them upon the banks of the Garigliano; and they all afterwards contrived to meet frequently together, though they lived in pretty distant kingdoms of Europe. In these happy interviews our author contrived to discover many secret particulars relative to the character and transactions of his fair companions; and these he now very kindly and confidentially communicates to the public.

Those of our readers who choose may follow this author through his pictures of imaginary female philosophers: he will find them exactly in the style of the introductory story, equally elegant and equally interesting. Our author's ideas of his subject are so vague, and the language he employs frequently so indistinct that it is scarcely possible to know what he would be at. Allegrina informs us, (vol. i. p. 24) "that her "freedom from irresolution proceeds, perhaps, "from the *volatility* of her disposition." In page 33, *momentary* is, in defiance of Dr. Johnson, employed for *momentuous*; and, at page 73, Cordelia is made to call her daughter and two boys "her beloved *offsprings*." Our author's consistency in depicting his characters is exactly on a footing with his skill in the English language. The Stoical Diana is carried away by a whirlwind of ambition: she is engaged in secret conspiracies, in court intrigues, in every thing that can procure her an ascendency in public affairs. And this is a Stoic! God help thee, poor author! thou hast mistaken Hume most miserably, and hast never read any writer who would have plainly informed thee what the tenets of the Stoics were. You might at least have looked into Mrs. Carter's translation of Epictetus, and thus have

escaped the ridicule of utterly misrepresenting and burlesquing the tenets of one of the best known sects of antiquity.

We cannot conclude this review without adverting to the author's ideas concerning happiness. He lays it down as a principle, that our happiness is best promoted by following that line of conduct which is most suitable to our disposition and circumstances; and is always diminished by going in opposition to these. Hence, it follows that the voluptuous courtezan, provided she regulates her voluptuousness properly, has as great a chance for happiness as the most virtuous matron, who devotes herself wholly to those duties for which woman was created: nay, the courtezan, had she attempted to follow the same course with the matron, would have been very miserable, and could not have regained happiness but by hastening to a course of lewd debauchery. This system of happiness leaves virtue entirely out of the question as an essential ingredient, and makes vice equally conducive to the end in view. We do not know what epithet to bestow on a doctrine so subversive of all virtue, so flattering to the worst inclinations of mankind. The author has *pretended* to write the Memoirs of *Female Philosophers*: but were his maxims of happiness generally adopted by the sex, he could soon only pretend to write the Memoirs of *Female Monsters*.

MISS OWENSON'S "PATRIOTIC SKETCHES."

WE confess we sat down to the present work with no small degree of interest. The fair authoress has now caught such hold on the race of literary fashionables, that any production from her pen is sure, at least, of attention. Reputation is rarely acquired without some degree of merit; and merit, however scanty, is so scarce a commodity, in modern days, that it may surely claim some degree of respect. But to Miss Owenson's fame, however great, we plainly confess the present production did not, in our eyes, owe *its particular attraction*.—In her choice of a subject she has been eminently happy—any work in the present state of the political hemisphere, tending to place our sister-country in a true point of view, cannot fail of particularly interesting a British public. In the present one it is seriously attempted: there is here no endeavour to catch the curiosity or foster the prejudices of a credulous nation, by exposing the idiomatic, but certainly venial absurdities of the people. The epithet prefixed to the Sketches is well supported in their execution, and the authoress has certainly confirmed her title to the "*amor* "*patriæ*," although, perhaps, the enthusiastic passion has hurried her, in some few instances, beyond that strict propriety which criticism will allow. The preface appears to be the least exceptionable part of the work; it is modest without affectation, and well calculated to display that fine-spun delicacy of sentiment, and vivid imagination, which are the peculiar excellencies of its author—her years, her opportunities, her mind, fit her more for *the shew* than *the solid*, and here her abilities have had ample scope: her vindication of the female's claim to patriotism is delicate and ingenious. "*Politics* can never be a woman's science, but "*patriotism* must naturally be a woman's sen- "timent: it is inseparably connected with all "those ties of tenderness, which her heart is "calculated to cherish; and though the energy "of the citizen may not animate her feelings to "deeds of national heroism, the fondness of the "child, the wife, and the mother, must warm "and ennoble them into sentiments of national "affection."

The ostensible cause of this production, that of "wooing the attention of abler minds to a "subject, on which her own has long dwelt "with ineffectual regret," is, at all events, prudent and well calculated to ward off the scrutiny, which perhaps it could not endure. —The appearance of the two volumes, eking out matter which might easily compress itself in one, the fine wire-wove paper exhibiting its neat "rivulet of text, flowing through a mea- "dow of margin," seemed to us to indicate rather a more substantial reason; and at the end of every "Sketch," really it required all our politeness to forget the idea of *book-making* altogether! Miss Owenson will, no doubt, consider this remark rather beneath the dignity of criticism, but truly *nine shillings* for the *two* volumes of *Patriotic Sketches* is a forcible consideration, which the critic *feels too sensibly* to forget.

The amplified description of local scenery, and uncouth jumble of Milesian correlatives, which occur in almost every page, is excessively tiresome, not to say horrific, to a foreign ear! It is far from our inclination to follow the fair tourist, minutely, through her exertions, and certainly a trip through "*Ballysadore*," over the "*beetling brow of Knocknabee*," down to "*the abyss of Corradune*," might well prove even the pedestrian prowess of Captain Barclay himself. But if the *length of the journey* would tire the athletic hero, surely the *length of the sentences* might well startle the literary champion. Seriously this is a radical error in Miss Owenson's composition. A page is almost always the boundary of a period, so involved in sentimental maze, and so clogged by senseless synonimes, that if the mind should escape confusion, the ear must certainly be tired by the tasteless repetition. Thus, in the following example, it is difficult to recollect what the commencement treats of by the time you arrive at the conclusion:—"To minds which slavery "has not broken, nor oppression debased, "the consciousness of political inferiority and "national inconsequence must ever bring with "it a sensitive pride, a tenacious reserve, a "suspicious timidity, and an irritability of "spirit which are only to be dissipated by the "conciliating advances of that superior influ-"ence, under which a series of certain events "has placed them; and when two distinct "parties are internally divided by a difference "in religious opinions, by an inequality of po-"litical establishment, and externally coalesced "by local circumstances, and certain ties of de-"nization common to both; where prerogative "rests on one side and submission on the "other: the natural suspicions, the cautious "vigilant diffidence of the subordinate party, "are only to be seduced into amity, or warmed "into confidence by the open, ingenuous, "volunteering liberality of the prevailing "supreme power!!!"—What a *sentence* is this to wade through!—Criticism, however, does not delight in unnecessary censure; and there are some of the *Sketches*, which may fairly challenge its utmost severity. Where the authoress delineates the miseries of her unhappy country, all the energy of the poet is combined with the animation of the patriot.—Here the politician may pause for information, the scholar for amusement, and the philanthropist for sympathy—here the utmost boldness of diction is mellowed by the softer tints of a creative fancy. It is impossible to read without being affected by her fine description of the peasant family, leaving their solitary hut to wring a scanty subsistence from casual compassion, in that rigorous season, when the employments of the field are at an end, and the deficiency of manufactures denies industry its exertion.—

"When the strained eye of sorrowing affection
"has followed the father and the husband,
"even till fancy gives what distance snatches
"from the view, the mother closes the door of
"her desolate cabin; and when, (as is gene-
"rally the case), her family are too helpless
"to relinquish her maternal cares, and enable
"her to work, followed by her little children,
"and frequently by an aged parent, beggary is
"embraced as the only alternative to want
"and famine. Sometimes with an infant on
"her back, and another in her arms, (while
"the ablest of her little train is always em-
"ployed to carry the tin vessel which contains
"the sour milk, supplied by charity, and ano-
"ther infant wanderer sustains the weight of the
"blanket, which constitutes the only covering
"thrown over them at night), she commences
"her sad and solitary wanderings. How fre-
"quently, and in what opposite seasons, have
"I beheld these helpless and wretched groupes
"straggling along the high-roads, or reposing
"their wearied limbs beneath the shelter of
"a ditch! I have seen the feet of the heavily-
"laden mother totter through winter snows,
"beneath her tender burthen: while the frost-
"bitten limbs of her infant companions
"drew tears from their eyes, which, in the
"happy thoughtlessness of childhood, had
"never been shed to the unconscious misery of
"their situation, had not bodily pain taught
"them to flow. I have met them wandering
"over those heaths, which afforded no shelter
"to their aching brows, amidst the meridian
"ardours of a summer's day; when violent heat
"and insupportable fatigue rendered the stream
"they stooped to drink a luxury the most ex-
"quisite! I have met them at the door of ma-
"gisterial power, and seen them spurned from
"its threshold by him who should have re-
"dressed their grievances, or relieved their
"wants; and I have seen them cheerfully re-
"ceived into the cabin of an equally humble,
"but more fortunate compatriot, where their
"wants were a recommendation to benevolence,
"and their number no check to exertion. For
"never yet was the door of an Irish cabin
"closed against the suppliant who appealed to
"the humanity of its owner."

Her exposition of the tything system, from whence she very justly dates many of the local insurrections, which agitate and disgrace the

country, is peculiarly interesting to a British reader. It opens a scene of systematic oppression, of which he can form no idea, and which calls aloud for the interference of a politic legislature. There, it appears, *the tithes*, (the collection of which the Rector here thinks very well worth his own personal attention) are let, at a certain salary, to his curate, who, at a considerable profit, farms them again to what is termed his proctor, and the proctor (who is the immediate agent with the landholders) conscientiously grinds the poor to the very uttermost farthing, in order that he may obtain *his moderate profit also!*—thus the unfortunate parishioners have to contribute to this accumulated profit, without even the benefit of an appeal to his worship, the Rector, who thinks a visit, once in seven years, a considerable condescension!—The *Sketches* also introduce us to the *Middle Man*. The *Middle Man* is also an animal unknown in this country. He is younger brother to the Proctor, and exactly similar, save that he does not plead *religion* as a pretence for plunder. The Lord of the Manor generally gives a Lease of *perhaps three lives* to his immediate tenant; the *Middle Man*, who then parcels out a few acres, on a short and uncertain tenure to each of the neighbouring peasantry, at an exorbitant profit; in case of any accident, the tenant has no redress, as he is too poor to "get law," as he calls it, and the original landlord is generally an absentee to whom the *Middle Man* is not unfrequently agent. Thus an additional stimulus is given to his rapacity; for, in order to have, as it is there termed, "the turning of the money," he always calls on the poorer tenant at the very day; but this is not all. The *Middle Man*, often induced by the sum deposited in his hands, thinks proper to decamp, leaving the stock, belonging to the under-tenant, to be driven for the rent which he has paid already! —To grievances such as these does Miss Owenson very justly attribute those popular discontents, which are here represented as the effect of French influence, and enmity to English Government.

It certainly cannot be disputed that this aggravation of injuries operates as a powerful ally to foreign misrepresentation. But that the minds of the people are naturally hostile to the English, few can be so credulous as to believe. So far from *politics being the origin* of their grievances, their grievances seem to be the origin of their politics, rendering them open to malicious revolutionists, who tells them, too plausibly, they cannot be worse, and may be better. Miss Owenson speaks on this subject with all that boldness which experience justifies. She relates two anecdotes which came within her own personal observation, and which we shall here detail as a striking illustration of our remarks; —one, on the effects derived from the uncertain tenure of the *Middle Man*; the other, on the little consideration which the Irish peasant naturally bestows on politics. In one of her evening excursions, perceiving two cabins, one manifestly superior in appearance to the other, she was induced to ask the cause of the disparity in appearance from the owner who very communicatively entered into the following detail: "That miserable hut, said he, was my own "poor home for twelve years; for never being "able to get a lease *from the gentleman who* "*stood between me and the head landlord*, my "heart failed me as to doing any thing in the way "of improvement, knowing, that if I did, my "poor boys might be turned out, and a stranger "come and reap the fruits of our labour: so "I went plodding on, heartless enough, from "year to year, taking an acre here to-day, "and there to-morrow to sow our potatoes and "flax in. But no sooner had the land got into "his honour's hands, (my blessing light on "him), than he gave us a lease, which will "stand good to our children's children, and so "our spirits got up, and we worked night and "day, and improved this little farm, and built "this comfortable cabin; and there is not a "happier man now in the entire Barony." —Again on the much misrepresented subject of their politics, she relates the following story: "A few days back, I met with two peasants "who were making complaints of the oppres-"sion they endured. A gentleman asked them "if they thought themselves worse off since "the Union? They replied, they had never "heard any thing about the Union, and knew "not what it meant.—After some farther "questions, they were asked, if they had not "heard that the Irish Parliament was gone? "They answered, that all they heard was, "that the Parliament Books were gone away, "and that the good-luck of the country was "gone with them.—So little does the Irish "peasant trouble himself about public affairs, "and so full is his heart about his own "grievances."

Perhaps it would well become those who join in the apprehension and outcry of "the "Church in danger" to meditate upon facts like these, and see whether it be probable that those wretched supplicants for daily bread can find time for religious speculation. On that grand

hobby-horse of modish politicians, polemical distinctions, Miss Owenson dilates with considerable success—her speculative opinions in favour of toleration, and her observations on its universal influence on the Irish character, deduced from experience, are moral and ingenious.

"The Irish, nationally considered with "respect to their prevailing religion, never "were a bigotted people, though the vivacity "of their imagination has sometimes devoted "them to superstitious illusion. When "Christianity took the lead of Druidism in "Ireland, it was preserved and nurtured by "the same mild principles of toleration has "suffered its admission: and though the "Druidical tenets flourished for two centuries "after the arrival of the first Christian "missionary in the Island, yet neither his-"toric record nor oral tradition advances any "detail of religious persecution adopted "on either side. The tenets preached by the "Christian missionary, or the arguments "opposed by the Heathen Controvertist, "awakened no farther interest in the public "consideration than a desire to embrace that "mode of faith which came home with most "force to reason and to truth. Surely the "experience of successive ages should hold "out some beacon to those minds which the "pernicious and illusory light of intolerance "misleads; and evince the dreadful ef-"fects which have been invariably produced "by suffering an abstract opinion to prevail "over the social affection of mankind either "in politics or religion. But in what age "or country has toleration displayed her ra-"diant banner, and found her standard de-"serted by peace, by happiness, and unani-"mity."

This is worthy the perusal of a true Christian, and seems, notwithstanding all the calumnies uttered against Miss Owenson upon religious points, the effusion of a mind which, in the language of Burke, "would have our ve-"nerable church ascend to that heaven to "which she would conduct us."

It is impossible not to admire through this entire production the ardour with which the fair patriot endeavours to vindicate the national character of her countrymen. On this subject her animated exclamations all seem to flow directly from the heart; and the aberrations which the enthusiasm of her feelings have sometimes introduced, we feel half inclined to forgive from our respect for the cause in which they originated. The *fine speeches*, for instance, which she attributes to the Irish peasantry, *proverbially illiterate*, are sometimes ludicrous enough. Thus, for example, an old woman, *of the lowest cast*, lamenting the death of her only daughter, breaks forth into the following *impromptu requiem*:—

"A few days are gone by—she entered this "gate in all her beauty and health—to-morrow "she will pass it without life, and never will "enter it more!"

On another occasion, a culprit to whom the choice of exile or immediate death was offered, philosophically exclaims—"We must all die "sooner or later—for my part I am sure of "dying in the midst of my people—many a "tear will be dropt and many a song sung "over me, and my children's children will "speak of my wake and my funeral—*But if* "*I go into foreign climes, though I save my* "*life for a time I must die at last, and die* "*among strangers without one friend to close* "*my eyes or to watch the* MORNING LIGHT "*shining for the first time over my corpse.*"—Surely this is a little too refined for an Irish potatoe digger!

Again, relating the compassion of her countrymen towards the brute creation, she proceeds to detail *a fact* which she herself witnessed:—"As we were climbing up an almost "inaccessible steep we overtook a poor pea-"sant, who was literally pushing a poor "lean horse up before him, laden with pan-"niers filled with manure, with which he was "going to enrich a future potatoe garden, ob-"tained for a low rent, on the summit of the "mountain; thus, by unexampled industry, "endeavouring to 'force a churlish soil for "scanty bread.' Before we lost sight of him "he had actually taken one of the panniers "off the poor animal's back, and was carry-"ing it on his own!!!"

This is, indeed, a true *Irish story*—That *Master Pat*, in his compassion for his donkey, should have expected the other *heavy-laden* pannier should "*keep aisy*" after having lost its equilibrium we would not wonder—this would be quite in character—but that Miss O. should gravely relate the success of the experiment, knowing, as no doubt she does, the laws of gravitation—Oh! this is too bad and "be-"yond endurance." Certainly Miss O. you should have said you had only *heard* the story. We own our particular surprize at this lapse, as Miss O. is continually at work to convince us of her profound literary information. Every page teems with poetic quotations, or learned classical allusion—thus, for instance, she calls

a "holy well" a "*Rubicon of Faith*," with what sense we leave the reader to discover. We confess it reminded us strongly of the learned passage in *The Wild Irish Girl*, where she dubs an old woman and two cows—a *Trimmvirate!* The little scraps of poetry too which seem introduced, merely to shew us she has read them, tended quite as little either to our edification or amusement.—Thus, she cannot meet a young country fellow without telling us how "*form'd in the prodigality of* "*nature*" he "*whistled as he went*," yet if the intelligence of his countenance was to be credited it was not "*for want of thought.*" Surely this is an affectation Miss Owenson ought to be above.

These are trifling faults, however, which a little attention might easily correct, and we certainly wish Miss Owenson well enough to hope she will set about it as soon as possible. Her present production is at all events not calculated to depress her character, and adds much information to some amusement. If we might be permitted to obtrude our advice, we would recommend to Miss O. a continuation, in future, of works such as the present—they are undoubtedly much better calculated than novels for the improvement of the youthful mind.—Her writings may have more consequence than even she may be aware of; and we seriously hope, while she continues to be the fashion herself, she will try to introduce morality into company along with her. To use her own expression, as a woman, a young woman, and an Irish woman, in each of these relative characters she may have much effect. The gallantry of the opposite sex will surely not be exceeded by the sympathy of her own, and the patriot pen of the *young Irish woman* must excite the interest of every citizen of the world.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TEAR.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

HOW prone the bosom is to sigh!
How prone to weep the human eye!
As thro' this painful life we steer,
This valley of a sigh and tear.

When by the heart with sorrow griev'd,
A thousand blessings are received,
With every comfort that can cheer,
'Tis then bright Virtue's *grateful* tear.

When every parting pang is o'er,
And friends long absent meet once more,
Fraught with delight and love sincere,
'Tis then sweet Friendship's *joyful* tear.

When two fond lovers doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart,
Torn from the object each holds dear,
'Tis then, ah! then, the *parting* tear.

When wretches, on the earth reclin'd,
Their doom of condemnation find,
The end of earthly beings near,
'Tis then soft Pity's *melting* tear.

If on some lovely creature's face,
Rich in proportion, colour, grace,
A pearly drop should once appear,
'Tis then the lovely *beauteous* tear.

When mother's—Oh! the grateful sight—
Their children view with fond delight,
Surrounded by a charge so dear,
'Tis then the fond *maternal* tear.

When lovers see the beauteous maid,
To whom their fondest vows are paid,
With fear and doubting hopes draw near,
'Tis then, oh! then, the *trembling* tear.

But, when the wretch with sin oppress'd,
Strikes in an agony his breast,
All torn with guilt, remorse and fear,
'Tis then the BEST, the *saving* tear.

ANNA'S COMPLAINT;

OR, THE MISERIES OF WAR.

ON Thanet's rock, beneath whose steep
Impetuous rolls the foaming deep,
A lowly maid, to grief consign'd,
Thus pour'd the sorrows of her mind:

And while her streaming eyes pursue
Of Gallia's cliffs the misty view,
Accurst (she cries) that guilty shore,
Whence William shall return no more!

Thou cruel war, what hast thou done!
Thro' thee the mother mourns her son,
The orphan joins the widow's cries,
And, torn from love—the lover dies.

Ah, William! wherefore didst thou go
To foreign lands to meet the foe?
Why, won by war's deceitful charms,
Didst thou forsake thy Anna's arms?

Alas! full little didst thou know,
The monster war doth falsely show:
He decks his form with pleasing art,
And hides the daggers in his heart.

The music of his martial band,
The shining halbert in his hand;
The feather'd helmet on his head,
And coat so fine of flaming red—

With these the simple youth he gains,
And tempts him from his peaceful plains;
And by this pomp was William led
The dang'rous paths of war to tread.

Fair sounding words my love deceiv'd:
The great ones talk'd, and he believ'd,
That war would fame and treasure bring,
That glory call'd to serve the king.

But wise men say, and sure its true,
That war is theft and murder too;
Yet had my William thought it so,
He had not gone to fight the foe.

How blest, could Anna see him now,
With shoulders bending o'er the plough,
Toiling to sow his native fields,
And reap the harvest virtue yields.

Then happier lot would both betide,
A bridegroom he, and I a bride;
But these fond hopes return no more,
For dead he lies on yonder shore.

O! in that battle's dismal day,
When youthful William gasping lay,
Why was not then thy Anna there,
To bind thy wounds with softest care.

To search with speed the nearest spring,
To thy parch'd lips the water bring,
To wash with tears thy bleeding face!
And soothe thee with a last embrace.

But thou, amid a savage train,
Wert mingled among heaps of slain,
Without one friend to hear thy sighs,
Or Anna's hand to close thine eyes.

Thou cruel war, what hast thou done,
Thro' thee the mother mourns her son,
The orphan joins the widow's sighs,
And, torn from Anna—William dies!

LINES

ON SEEING THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE A. NEWLAND.

HARK, how yon solemn, solitary bell,
Flings thro' the echoing air its sullen sound!
Hark, how the deep-ton'd, dull, alternate knell
Frights sacred silence from her cell profound!

What sigh of sorrow loads the passing gale,
Freezing e'en valour's self with secret fear;
What horror-speaking, melancholy tale,
Sounds that sad anthem to th' astonish'd ear!

Oh, stranger pause! mark well its fatal tone,
It tells a secret for the wise to scan,
'Mid every seeming void, mechanic moan,
It sighs a solemn certainty to man.

Tho' high in haughty pow'ers presumptuous train,
Oh, spurn it not—it tells of power's decay!
Tho' Fortune's favourite—check thy mad disdain
At its monition—Fortune fades away.

Not all the sceptred Monarch can command,
Not all the menial wishes in his woe,
Can that sad summons for a day withstand,
Nor e'en the respite of an hour bestow.

Yet, oh! remember, tho' to wealth or power
No sole, exclusive privilege is given,
Still, sacred virtue can employ that hour
In the ascension of a saint to heaven.

AUCTION

OF A MEMBER OF THE LATE ADMINISTRATION.

DETERMIN'D to sell each superfluous article,
Officially useful—to th' uttermost particle,
I here advertise to the world at large,
The whole stock in trade, which I mean to discharge—
But chiefly I hope to my auction to win,
The attendance of those who are now *coming in*—
As they will require, I've no manner of doubt,
A various assortment from those going out!—

A noble *court-dress* stands the first on the list,
Which, wanted no longer, may now be dismist;
To the buyer, whoever he be, I declare
It is not a penny *the worse* FOR THE WEAR.
I think it however but fair to confess,
That the taylor's receipt does not go with the dress!

A spruce pair of dancing pumps, next I may mention,
Well worthy the **Lord of Exchequer's* attention;
And the †Lord of the Treasury, need I despair,
Will bid for my portable, *snug easy chair.*
My few English books I shall keep to myself,
Fit companions for me, now I'm laid *on the shelf*—
But my *Gallic* collection I'll certainly rifle,
And *Canning* can have the whole sett for a trifle.
With renown'd *Castlereagh*, for my cellar I'll trade,
Nor is there within it one bottle of *Mead*—
If he chooses—my beds may be also his own,
There are some made of *Roses*—and none of them DOWN!
There's a masquerade dress too, I think he'll admire,
Representing the ‡ *Fop*, in the farce of the *Lyar.*
To my new *patent* pen, which was made for *finance*—
At all events, surely, § *George Rose* will advance,
Not that George seems to be any great financier,
But I know to him *every thing patent* is dear.
There are some trifling articles still left behind,
Which doubtless some Member may think to ‖ mind.
Dundas (*tho' a Scot*) yet is fond of good cheer,
And will take ('tis not Whitbread's) my very best beer.
With my cellar of wine it should go in communion,
If I thought Castlereagh was'nt sick of *an union.*
My *virtue official* to *Foster* I grant,
The purchase is needful, for *needful the want.*

---

* Mr. Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. &c. &c.—*he is reckoned one of the first dancers of the day!!!*

† The *vigorous* Duke of Portland, First Lord of the Treasury, &c. &c.—he is old to be sure, but age does not incapacitate him *officially*; for though an *old man*, he is a *young statesman.*

‡ *Young Wilding*—very lavish in promises which he never fulfilled. The Catholics of Ireland can apply the allusion.

§ George Rose—one of Castlereagh's Bed—like other people partial to patent places.

The Patriot sure will not wonder its *sold*,
From experience he knows 'tis not proof against gold.
‖ To the *Cabinet jointly* I offer my *plate*,
It will cut a great figure when giving *a treat*—
And 'tis thought (if I lie on't, may I be a sinner)
That their principal good will consist in their dinner.

TO PETITA "THE LITTLE LADY."

BY OLD NICK.

The Author of *Little Things are best.*

"*There is a saying* (*far more old than witty*)
"*That when a thing is* LITTLE *it is* PRETTY."
DAVIES.

IF what I quote in thee be true *,
(Which give me, give me, soon to prove!)
I'll shew how sweetly I can woo,
How what is *little* fondly love.

No six-foot dame of mortal born,
From thee my kisses shall purloin,
For like another THUMB I'll "scorn
"The bigger and the baser coin."

Thou think'st me *little*—read my name—
In *Pandemonium* it was fit †;
But they could change, and I'm the same—
"As *good a Devil* every bit!"

Yes, it shall, in thy magic eye
Be just as thou shalt will it—
As thy fond heart I'll be as high ‡,
And big enough to fill it.

‖ The treasury papers, who are doubtless well ipformed, dilate daily on the *epicurean* qualities of Ministers!!! No doubt it is this talent which makes them *cut such slices from the Nation.*

* I beg pardon for this *if*; I have no doubt that *Petita* is *jolie comme un amour*, but I can't help recollecting the *fair Poetess* of the Della Cruscan School, who proved in the end to be a *black man.* *Old nick* will positively have nothing to do with such a *match!*

† ———— They but now who seem'd
In *bigness* to surpass earth's Giant sons,
Now less than *smallest* Dwarfs in narrow room
Throng numberless. P. L. b. i.

‡ Shakespeare.

Little Britain.

STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY BEING REPEATEDLY IMPORTUNED TO GO TO THE EAST INDIES.

AY, go thy way, where thou dost think to find,
Pleasure—content and riches without end;
I ne'er will curb the impulse of thy mind,
But do not trouble me, I beg, my friend!

Go! Search the Indies and the golden fields
Of Asia!—Share of all their choicest sweets;
England, for me, enough enjoyment yields,
To me congenial are her mild retreats!

No beasts of prey, whose eyes terrific stare,
No Tyrants o'er her favour'd land preside;
She's free from war! from civil broils! despair!
Supremely guarded by Old Ocean's tide!

Her sons are honest and of virtue rare,
Scorning each secret, undermining art;
No foul malicious instruments they wear,
Fickle 'tis true—yet of heroic heart!

Hating the mask of Jealousy and Fear!
Th' assassin's dagger, and the nightly foe!
In every action open and sincere,
With all the virtues Nature can bestow!

Such are the joys in England to be found:
And these are inborn to my peaceful breast;
Here I can find content in all around,
And sink without a fear each night to rest!

Yes! England! thee I love—dear native spot!
Where Health and Pleasure hand in hand are seen;
Blest is the man who boasts his rural cot
And breathes his leisure on thy smiling green!

Go then, my friend, I'll never mar thy views—
But here I'll stop, for happy is the Isle!
Here I will think of thee—and oft the muse
Shall at thy vain endeavours secret smile.

May Health attend thee to the destin'd port,
And when safe landed Pleasure guide thy feet;
May every day increase thy varied sport,
'Till all thy happiness be made complete.

Blow soft ye winds! ye gentle breezes blow!
Oh! waft the vessel through the dubious tides;
And may no tempest from its cave below,
Haunt her as on majestical she rides!

Once more farewell—Ah! often think of me,
When thou art walking on that fav'rite shore,
Where thou dost hope all happiness to see,
But do, I pray thee, importune no more.

'Tis all in vain! my resolution's past!
The gold of India ne'er shall cheat my sense;
Here I am bound indissolubly fast!
Th' attempt to stir wou'd show my impotence!

Again farewell! Health, Peace and Joy attend
Thy devious feet, wherever they may rove;
And when this mortal scene is at an end,
Oh! may thy soul live in the realms above!

JOHN G—L—M.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRE.

DRURY LANE.

ON Monday the 28th of December, a pantomime was produced at Drury-lane called *Furibond*, or *Harlequin Negro*. This piece was so exceedingly defective in its machinery, that on the first night it very narrowly escaped a total condemnation. Nor can we discover that, independently of the awkwardness of workmen and the rottenness of ropes, the plot of this pantomime is deserving of commendation. It is difficult to comprehend the motive or use of the tricks of scenic exhibitions: and the piece has accordingly been little successful. Mr. Hartland is a graceful *Harlequin*, and Mrs. Sharp is assuredly the best dancer who has for some years represented the *Columbine*. Nor can we allow the well-earned popularity of Mr. Grimaldi, the *Clown* of Covent-garden, to obstruct our praises of Mr. Laurent, who acts the blunderer at Drury-lane. Mr. Grimaldi is famous for putting all his limbs most ingeniously out of joint. Mr. Laurent deserves to be at least as

much admired for employing his joints with the greatest possible agility. The one has had the glory of turning bodily nature from her common course, the other merits the praise of having cultivated her to her highest perfection. The music is by Mr. Condell.

Tragedy, which flourished most proudly at Drury-lane, has now become almost an exile from its walls. This striking alteration in theatrical politics has attracted the attention, and excited the complaints of many grave persons, who blame the Managers for withholding from the public a species of amusement, which, they tell us, is so congenial with the general taste. For our own parts, although the prejudices of early years plead strongly in favour of tragic poetry, we are not inclined to blame the Managers of Drury-lane for the system of entertainment, which, of late years, they have adopted. The reasons which speak in their justification are the circumstances of the time.

When the drama first struck root in this country, the minds of the people were little cultivated by reading, and little exercised by observation. That perpetual and active intercourse which commerce has so materially promoted, had not yet begun to exhibit the nations of the world to one another; and the operation of arts and manufactures had not yet collected those enormous masses of population which now throng our principal cities. The shadows of the feudal system still darkened the intellects of man, and their practical influence was not counteracted by the opposing theory of an enlightened education. When the mind was in such a state, its amusements were necessarily suited to its habitual gloom, and the English people, characteristically splenetic, nursing their melancholy in the solitude of the country, and seldom assembling but for urgent business, or for customary pomp, loved, like the Penseroso of Milton, to see

——— Gorgeous tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by.

The few persons, of any reading, who lived in the sixteenth, and through the early part of the seventeenth centuries, were men whose minds had, of course, imbibed the predelictions which the pedantic studies of that period diffused; and most of them endeavoured rather to adjust the gloomy taste of their countrymen, by the imitation of ancient models, than to diversify it by drawings from nature. Accordingly, for 150 years, almost every body who wrote plays at all, wrote tragedies; and comedy, being little suited to the clumsy capacities of the spectators, was sacrificed for unnatural stateliness and empty bombast. But in proportion as the bonds of society were drawn closer, and people began to discover that "the "proper study of mankind is man," when the knowledge of human nature let in a perception of the ridiculous, and the English character became enlivened by intercourse with sprightlier nations, when the theatre became, not only the school of the pedant, but the lounge of the wit, and tradesmen themselves began to give their children a liberal education —then the dullness of tragedy was disregarded, and a new æra of public opinion brought forth a Congreve and a Farquhar, a Vanbrugh and a Cibber. So dazzling were the merits of these writers, that even those among the tragic authors, whose magnificent beauties ought to have rescued them from neglect, appeared to have fallen into a perpetual oblivion. That fashion of comedy, which is called *the National taste*, was then established, and comedy has continued, to this day, the favourite amusement of the English audience.

But if it will be asked, if comedy alone be congenial to our National taste, why did Shakespeare gain a place in our theatres, and why did tragedy once flourish at Drury-lane? We answer, that the fame of Shakespeare, and the establishment of tragedy at Drury-lane, have arisen from causes entirely extraneous; for the stream of public taste did not naturally flow in those channels, but was diverted into them. Shakespeare himself lay almost forgotten, when a great and transcendant genius arose in the person of Garrick, and animated the silent forms which the poet had modelled. The people admired Mr. Garrick, and thought they understood Shakespeare. Antiquity had thrown a venerable air upon the poet, and novelty gave attraction to the actor. Let it not, for a moment, be supposed, that we wish to detract from the fame of Shakespeare:—when our hearts shall cease to glow, with enthusiasm, at the recital of his beauties, we shall feel ourselves too cold, too dull, for criticism! But we cannot help considering Shakespeare, rather as the greatest of poets, than as the most ingenious of dramatic authors; and the best proof of this is the little interest which his plays excite, *on the stage*, when the representation is executed by unskilful performers. To the greatness of actors, then, rather than to the poetical taste of the audiences, the success of Shakespeare ought to be imputed: Shakespeare, like the flint, is pregnant with fire; but

he must be struck with the steel of a Garrick or a Kemble, before his brilliancy will be known to the unphilosophic eye. The merit of having called into notice the sleeping glory of Shakespeare, and of one or two more of the old poets, is the concluding point of the beautiful eulogium which Goldsmith, in his retaliation, has pronounced upon Garrick; when, after rallying that great actor on his fondness for the flatteries of Kelly and others, he exclaims:—

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets, *who owe the best fame to his skill*,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will:
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and
with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above!

The splendid success with which, from 1780 to 1800, tragedy was crowned at Drury-lane, must be attributed in an equal manner to the genius of actors. Tragedy would probably have died with Mr. Garrick, or at least have lingered out a neglected existence, had not "another luminary arisen in another quarter "of the horizon, and for its hour became "Lord of the Ascendant;" that luminary was Mrs. Siddons.

Mrs. Siddons was soon assisted by the genius of her brother; and they may, indeed, be said to have achieved much more than Mr. Garrick; for Mr. Garrick, when he raised Shakespeare, raised a pillar for himself to lean upon: but Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble gain nothing by the poets for whom they have acted; for, like the powerful talisman, which was fastened to the corpse of Southey's Donica, they have given the appearance of animation to dullness and death!

Now that the Proprietors of Drury-lane have been deprived of the creative genius and reforming vigour of the Kembles, is the taste of the nation, which was poetical only perforce, has sunk again into the easy fashion of comedy, just as the Israelites became listless in battle, when the hands of their guide, were no longer upheld by the chieft.

Comic actors are always to be found: both because comedy is of all dramatic arts the most encouraged, and because it does not require in its representatives the same grand qualifications of nature and education.

At the head of this theatre stands Mr. Elliston, a gentleman who, though he acts in every thing, is most particularly eminent in elegant comedy; and we have often regretted that he, who might approach so near to perfection in one sphere, will persist in weakening his efforts by dividing his pursuits. As his powers are adapted rather to charm in established comedy, than to support the tottering pile of tragedy, he would do well to abandon the latter: for though, perhaps, the town will *endure* a tragedy at Drury-lane, once in a month, an actor like Mr. Elliston ought never to play but when he can be *admired*.

Though this is our general opinion of Mr. Elliston's genius, yet there are two or three characters of tragedy which he plays with great force: and among them is *The Earl of Warwick*, which he represented on Wednesday night.

The tragedy of *The Earl of Warwick* was written by a Dr. Franklin, who was Chaplain to his Majesty: and is one of those plays which are never very likely to incur execration, because they never take the chance of delighting. When a poet boldly puts on his Parnassean wings, he may fall, like Dædalus, by soaring too high; but an author who creeps along the ground has at least the solid satisfaction of considering that he cannot easily be lower. Dr. Franklin selected the safer course; he constructed his play with great regularity, and, with a most laudable respect for custom, abstained from introducing any characters but those to which the stage had been long habituated. A Monarch amiable but misled, a Nobleman the idol of the people, a patriotic Peer, and a cringing Courtier, with a couple of Ladies, one an angel and the other a devil, are the *Dramatis Personæ* of *The Earl of Warwick*. The Doctor, however, was evidently as honest a pains-taking poet as any Court-Chaplain who ever wrote: and by his labour he has at least succeeded in obtaining some cold eulogies, as a mole works his way through earth to day-light. From this sample of the worthy Doctor's genius, we cannot help conceiving that, in appointing him to a Chaplaincy, his Majesty acted with more discrimination than patrons usually evince in the business of promotion: for his reverence has brought his clerical taste into the theatre itself, and manifested his zeal for the church by *preaching* on the stage. We have in vain endeavoured to discover a single poetical passage, or a single situation of real interest through the whole five acts of the play. *Warwick*, indeed, is exhibited in various tempers; but whether he be pleased or vexed, angry or affectionate, he invariably fails to excite our emotion. An actor may create something from the character, and to have

given an opportunity for good acting, is some merit, but it is only the merit of a raw outline; the actor must make the picture. An author of real genius leaves nothing to the actor but the business of varnishing, and the discretion of adding a few finishing touches. The Doctor has once or twice endeavoured to speak bold constitutional language; but just as we expect a plain vindication of popular rights, we find the King and People making up matters in a good-humoured way, and submission, as usual, walking quietly arm in arm with injustice.

We are happy to speak with unequivocal praise of Mr. Elliston's *Warwick*. His magnificent voice gave a powerful energy to the vigourous scenes: and where affection for *Elizabeth* was to be expressed, he evinced all that tenderness and feeling, which so particularly distinguish his representations of love. There is one passage which he delivered in a manner so nobly accordant with the genius of his character, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of pointing it out to our readers. *Warwick*, having quarrelled with *Edward the Fourth*, whom he justly considers as a creature of his own elevation, is ordered into custody by the enraged *King*. The guards are about to take his sword, when *Warwick* exclaims:

" Slaves, stand off!
" If I must yield my sword, I'll give it him
" Whom it so long has serv'd; there's not a
" part
" In this old faithful steel, that is not stained
" With English blood in grateful Edward's
" cause.
" Give me my chains! they are the bands of
" friendship—
" Of a King's friendship! for his sake, a while
" I'll wear them,"

An actor of vulgar conception would have contented himself in this place, with presenting the sword in mock humility to *Edward*. But Mr. Elliston, who knew that the very *irony* of so high-spirited a being as *Warwick*, was *openly* contemptuous, did not affect a reverence for *Edward*, but having spoken, with undisguised resentment, the line—

" With English blood in grateful Edward's
" cause,"

he stalked boldly to the *King*, and threw the weapon at the monarch's feet. The audience, though perhaps they did not reason the question, felt the beauty, and their instinct produced a loud applause.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons were able representatives of *Edward* and *Elizabeth*; but Mrs. Powell forgot that *Margaret of Anjou* should exhibit a deep and deadly revenge, rather than a loud and unvarying passion. The rage of *Margaret*, though its casual flashes are tremendous, yet burns, for the most part, like a subterraneous fire, and seems to be gathering strength for the great explosions. All that should have been subtle was open: and if the author had not taken care to let *Margaret* acquaint the spectators with the villainy of her own character, probably, but few of the audience would have guessed her to be evil-minded, till she had actually murdered *Warwick*.

On Monday the 18th was performed, Mr. M. G. Lewis's drama of *The Castle Spectre*, which appears to have been acted only for the purpose of introducing a Mrs. Eyre in the character of *Angela*. This play succeeded for the very reasons by which most other plays would have fallen—it was rashly conceived, and eccentrically executed. The plot is a tissue of strange incidents, and the dialogue is a chain of unnatural speeches. But at the time when *The Castle Spectre* appeared, the town had not been, as it afterwards was, electrified with German horrors, and gorged with tales of wonder; and that love of the marvellous which is so natural to man, operated in favour of this newly-framed phenomenon. In short, the only credit which the author can claim from this production, is the reputation of having been the first writer, who threw into the form of dialogue the miracles of which old women had so long been the only historians, and introduced, in the shape of a full piece, a pantomime without a party-coloured harlequin—we say, without a *party-coloured harlequin*, because there is one character in the play called *Gilbert*, who is party-coloured without being a harlequin, and another called *Percy*, who is a harlequin without being party-coloured.

There are six principal scenes in this drama: one in the first act, two in the second, and one in each of the other three. The principal scene in the first act might have a claim to some praise, if the character with whom it rests made any figure in the subsequent part of the play; but *Hassan's* tale, though " full " of sound and fury," yet as to the main plot " signifies nothing." The descent of *Percy* from his pedestal in the second act, is mere ballet business; and the jump which he takes from his window is worthy only of *Mother Goose*. The event which stands most prominent in the third act is a mutilation of *Emily's* adventure in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, as Mr.

Lewis himself very fairly confesses. The great scene of *Osmond* in the fourth act is borrowed from half-a dozen authors, as Mr. Lewis, with a similar candour, has further avowed. But this kind of candour, though very honourable to an author's heart, does not reflect much credit on his head. As to the appearance of *Evelina's* ghost, with which the fourth act concludes, it is a mere piece of show, and does not, in any way, further the action of the play. And when we arrive at the fifth act, we find the ghost appearing at last to do what she had much better contrived at first; and *Angela*, the tender heroine of the piece, "committing murder on the body of her un-"fortunate uncle," which she had much better have left alone altogether.

Such is a play, which the Managers still continue to present; and we cannot say that the acting goes far to redeem the writing. Mr. Elliston performs *Osmond*, and displays so much more of what is reprehensible, than what is commendable, that we can only repeat our old advice, that he will cease to represent these tragic characters; since, while he is almost uniformly successful in comedy, he scarcely ever puts on a black wig and a scarlet cloak, without overstepping the modesty of nature, and injuring his own reputation with the town. His *Earl of Warwick* is one of the very few exceptions to this general observation.

Mrs. Eyre, the wife of a gentleman on the same boards, plays *Angela*; she does not play it very well, nor very ill neither. It is just the sort of middling performance which will probably make her useful in that secondary line of character, for which we understand she wishes to engage herself. But we think that performers, who intend to hold inferior situations in the theatre, would do more wisely in selecting inferior characters for their first appearance, than in performing parts of great consequence, and thus exciting expectations which they themselves have never hoped to answer.

Mr. H. Siddons was much applauded in *Reginald*; and Mr. Holland appeared to advantage in *Earl Percy*. Mr. Eyre did *Kenrick*; and, as he is a sensible speaker, he would do it sufficiently well, if he had not that perpetual trick of making a full stop, where he ought to read his text with only a comma. When an actor does this frequently in every scene, a spectator, who is not gifted with more than ordinary patience, is apt to wish that he would come to a full stop altogether.

On Wednesday, the 20th, a Mr. I. Smith appeared as *Lorenzo* in the *Cabinet*. The character was written chiefly for the introduction of music; and as far as music is concerned, it was very well performed by Mr. Smith. His voice is a counter-tenor; its compass is not great, and the lower tones are neither strong nor agreeable, but the upper notes are of a very superior quality. His action is extremely ungraceful. We have been accustomed to expect bad acting in fine singers; but Mr. Smith should pay some attention to the management of his arms, or the very unusual carriage with which he bears them will tend to throw a ridicule upon the vocal merit which he really possesses. He was greeted with great applause and loud encores.

We critics are obliged to take the good and the bad together. Other people may wait to hear the general opinion on a new piece, before they trouble themselves to see it; but we, as tasters for the town, must witness every new performance on the first night, and, like the Persian cup-bearers, if there be poison in the draught, we are the first who suffer. Most heavily, indeed, we did suffer on Friday last, from the representation of a new Comedy, called *Something to Do*. This title seems to concern, not the author, but the audience; for to sit still through five such acts as those of Friday night, is indeed *something to do* for a spectator, but to have composed five-and-twenty such acts would have been *nothing to do* for any writer.

A part of the play was taken from a French piece, called *La Diligence de Joigny*: and the rest of it might be either translated or original, for aught we could discover. If it was translated, we should advise the author to use more care in his next selection: if it was original we should advise him never to attempt dramatic composition again. The principal character is a young counsellor, eagerly hunting for the first fee: and in search of that fee he is contented to be barrister, attorney, conveyancer and rogue. Now, though the last of these titles is generally supposed to agree very well with any of the three former, yet the three former are seldom united in any society but the society that is painted in these comedies. There was a young officer desirous of marrying an heiress—that character, we believe, is quite in nature. We had an Irishman too, with all the propensities that are usually ascribed to the natives of the Sister Kingdom: but then he was always puffing himself; and though we may admit the propriety of painting an Irishman, brave and generous, ardent and honour-

able, we are a little astonished when we see him coming forward to be the only publisher of his own praises. There were two *old* gentlemen, stingy and knavish, and our acquaintance with them did not lead us to desire any further knowledge of the family; but we were introduced per force to two young gentlemen, their nephews. One was a male creature of that character which is sometimes found in school-girls who have imbibed their minds with German novels; and he talked in the genuine style of the sentimental absurd. The other was a jockey prodigal, the exact counterpart of *Goldfinch* in Mr. Holcroft's *Road to Ruin*.

The ladies in this play appear to have been introduced as a dramatic illustration of Pope's famous aphorism.

Most women have no characters at all. And the women of this play had not only no characters, but, with the exception of the heroine alone, no business neither. And even the heroine seemed to be a very namby-pamby personage, walking about a good deal, but seeming to know as little what she meant to do, as the spectators themselves. However, if we may venture a guess at the intention of the author as to this part, we shall say that the young lady must have been intended for a girl of sentiment and gaiety mixed.

So much for character.—As to story, we could gather none; for the Author, aware perhaps of the difficulty which his audience must have in listening to his dialogue, was unwilling to fatigue their attention still further by requiring them to trouble themselves with plot. The Irishman made some bulls by way of points; but they were as remote from nature as were the jokes of the other characters from wit.

The Play was treated with the greatest fairness. The first act, and a part of the second, went off extremely well. In the third, the disapprobation of the audience evidently shewed itself. In the fourth, discontent was for a little while allayed by a song from Mrs. Bland; but when she had disappeared, the tempest revived. The beginning of the fifth Act was greeted with coughing and hissing: and then the stage discovered a court, where on a sudden a Judge appeared. But the audience by this time were determined to *judge* for themselves: and the sacred officers of justice were so overwhelmed by the rage of the multitude, that lawyers themselves forgot their impudence, and the curtain fell amid one universal uproar. After the Epilogue, which was terribly bold and patriotic, Mr. Decamp announced *The Siege of Belgrade* for the following night.

The condemnation of a play is not often undeserved; but it frequently happens that the hissing begins sooner than justice demands. On this occasion the author can lay no such "flattering unction to his soul;" for the sentence was pronounced upon this piece by one of the fairest and most impartial audiences we ever beheld. The unhappy poet has not declared himself; and as the piece came forward from darkness, so it has proceeded to oblivion.

COVENT GARDEN.

At Covent-garden, on the 28th of December, was acted, for the first time, a pantomime, entitled, *Harlequin in his Element*, or *Fire, Water, Earth*, and *Air*. The fable is the composition of Mr. Dibdin, who in his *Mother Goose* displayed so great a knowledge of pantomime effect. But in this piece Mr. Dibdin has by no means equalled his former effort; and although the machinery is much more adroitly managed here than at Drury-lane, yet both pantomimes deserve equal censure for a want of apparent connection in the fable and transformations. There is, however, a stroke of satire here, which merits some praise, and which is levelled against the parochial system of employing aged and drowzy watchmen. We cannot help wishing that pantomime, as formerly was the case, entered with greater freedom on the field of satire. Miss Adams made her first appearance in this theatre as *Columbine*, and was favourably received.—Her sisters performed a *pas de trois* extremely well; but the dancing at Covent-garden is still on the whole inferior to the dancing at Drury-lane. Mr. Bologna was the *Harlequin*, and Mr. Grimaldi the *Clown*. They obtained great applause. The music is the work of Mr. Wear, the leader of the band, who composed the music of *Mother Goose*.

On the following Wednesday, Mrs. H. Johnston, who has for some time been absent from the London Boards, presented herself as *Beatrice* in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*. Her private history had naturally created her some enemies who, during the early part of the play, were exceedingly boisterous; their murmur gradually fell away, and Mrs. H. Johnston is now, in all probability, engaged at Covent-garden theatre. Mrs. H. Johnston is certainly a very pretty woman, and so far she is qualified for the representation of *Beatrice*; but *Beatrice* is a wit as well as a beauty, and

the character requires intellectual powers far beyond any which Mrs. H. Johnston has within our recollection evinced. She spoke in a silver tone, and walked in a delicate march; she displayed all the requisites that we expect in the *Lady Caroline* of *John Bull*, but did not convey that light, yet poignant, satire, that keen good nature, that sparkling but energetic mind, which should animate the *Beatrice* of *Much Ado*. Mr. Lewis played *Benedick* with infinite spirit and whim; the character that he represented was highly diverting, but it was a *Benedick* rather of Mr. Lewis's conception, than of Shakespeare's. In the lightest parts of all these characters, Mr. Lewis is inimitable: some of *Benedick's* gaiety was, therefore, well pourtrayed by him; but *Benedick* is a man of more than surface, a wit who has as much of reason as of jest. These features of the character were neutralized by Mr. Lewis; and that colour of character, which ought to have been a mixture, was rendered one brilliant scarlet. Mr. Munden was too shrewd in *Dogberry*, for *Dogberry* is not like the Yorkshireman of the modern stage, a clever fool, but a mere superannuated simpleton. Mr. C. Kemble is placed beneath his merit, in so wretched a character as *Claudio*; but he did as much as possible for the part; and Miss Bolton, in *Hero*, displayed great sweetness and feeling.

Mrs. H. Johnston afterwards played *Letitia Hardy* in *The Belle's Stratagem*, and was again opposed by some mal-contents voices. She came forward and said:—"Ladies and Gentlemen—I could not bear the voice of anger, "but that I am conscious many of the accusations preferred against me have been groundless." After this the play went on quietly. But as Mrs. H. Johnston has a most inaccurate intonation, we should advise her not to attempt singing; and as she appears to know none of the steps, we should advise her not to move minuets. On this evening she did sing, and she did dance, and her singing and dancing were indeed very suitable to her acting.

The play of *The Wanderer* was acted for the first time on Tuesday the 19th of January, and amply merits our unequivocal commendation.

This piece was founded, by Mr. C. Kemble, two years ago, on a foreign play, which had been acted with great success at Paris, and which painted, in striking colours, the misfortunes of Charles Edward, commonly called the Pretender. Mr. C. Kemble having, by many alterations, erasures, and additions, new-modelled it, so as to suit the English theatre, presented his dramatic history of the Pretender at Covent-garden, where it was instantly accepted. But when it was laid before the Lord Chamberlain, whose licence is necessary for the performance of every new piece, his Lordship, apprehensive that it might excite, in the breasts of the English people, a spirit of *rebellion and popery*, refused to stamp it with his indispensable sanction!

The Pope and the Pretender are certainly the two most formidable persons in this whole world. What matters it that the Pope is now a temporal prince without dominions, and a vice-gerent of heaven without believers in his celestial power? Though Bonaparte has subdued his territory, and though our Catholics themselves deny his infallibility and his jurisdiction over them, yet the Pope is so tremendous a being, that half a year ago we saw the English people resign their liberties at the mention of the Pope, merely for fear the Pope should take those liberties away. What does it signify that the Pretender has been dead for half a century? nay, that the last branch of his family, the poor old Cardinal of York, is now no more? The very memory of the Pretender is dreadful: he was a hovering vulture who threatened the small birds while he lived,—now that he is dead, he serves for a scarecrow, and when he is neatly stuffed and stuck up in the field, he frightens the fluttercrs just as effectually as ever. What do the Lord Licensing Chamberlain and his colleagues conceive of that English constancy and loyalty of which they talk so much, when they suspected traitor in every man of feeling, and conjure up the ghosts of dangers deceased, to distract us from the contemplation of the dangers that exist?

After all, we cannot but consider this refusal on the part of his Lordship, as the highest compliment that he could pay to the play of the *Wanderer*. For if it had not been pregnant with interest, if it had not abounded in the strongest feeling, he could not have found even a pretence for keeping up the alarm of the Pope and the Pretender.

Mr. C. Kemble then changed the names of the agents in his piece, and of the country where the scene was laid: and altering a few circumstances, contrived to make his plot correspond with some remarkable events in the Swedish history. The characters and the fable as they now stand, are as follow:

Prince Gustavus.... ...Mr. Claremont.
Prince Sigismund.....Mr. C. Kemble.
Count Valdenstein.....Mr. Pope.

Count Sparre.....Mr. Brunton.
Colonel Bayner.....Mr. Blanchard.
Ramsay.....Mr. Fawcett.

Countess Valdenstein....Miss Smith.
Christina.....Miss Norton.

Sigismund, the grandson of *Gustavus Vasa*, had been defeated in several attempts to recover the crown of his ancestor from the reigning monarch of Sweden. Deserted by his followers, he took refuge in the isle of Oeland, and in the last extremity of hunger and despair, entered the castle of *Count Valdenstein*, who was expected shortly to arrive from Finland. The Countess, touched by his misfortunes, provided him with apparel, and concerted means for his escape; but her scheme was foiled by the vigilance of the guard, under the command of *Sparre* and *Bayner*. We forbear to explain the manner in which these measures were frustrated, because we are unwilling to anticipate the pleasure which our readers will feel from the representation itself. Again, *Prince Sigismund*, assisted by the *Countess*, by *Christina*, and by *Ramsay*, attempted to escape on board the Danish fleet, which was hovering on the coast; and again he was prevented from accomplishing his purpose, by the intervention of *Count Valdenstein*. A very interesting scene then ensued, in which *Valdenstein* himself, though firmly attached to the crown, was induced to connive at the Prince's escape. *Sparre* and the guards were foiled in their turn; and a letter written with pencil, arrived to inform the *Countess* that *Sigismund* had safely joined the Danish fleet. *Prince Gustavus*, the son of the reigning monarch, then appeared; in consideration of the interesting circumstances of the case, he pardoned the *Valdensteins* for aiding the unfortunate enemy of the king, and the piece concluded with the union of *Count Sparre* and *Christina*.

From this outline our readers will perceive, that the *Wanderer*, like the modern melodramas, is, in its fable, founded on heroic situation; but in no other respect does it bear the least affinity to these fashionable afterpieces. For the *Wanderer* possesses character as well as incident, and while it interests by the strength of its situations, it charms by the elegance of its dialogue. We noticed, indeed, some passages of popular patriotism, which, though not violently introduced, are still unworthy to assort with the chaste simplicity of the language in general. But in every one of the great requisites for dramatic composition, Mr. C. Kemble has most honourably succeeded; and we have declared our objection to the two or three straggling clap-straps which are found in the first act, not for the sake of picking out a petty fault, but because where a piece approaches so nearly to perfection, we cannot but be vexed to see its claims obstructed by so slight an impediment. It continues to attract crowded audiences.

The author is himself the representative of *Sigismund*. It is a character of various passion; and both in its deeper and in its lighter tints, it is admirably coloured by the acting of Mr. C. Kemble. We should give equal praise to Mr. Fawcett's performance of the trifling character of *Ramsay*, if he would but talk in a Scotch dialect; but, perhaps, he considers that as none of the party would in reality be speaking English, it is not necessary for *Ramsay* to mark his country by his accent. Mr. Pope in *Valdenstein*, is loud, but not interesting; and Miss Smith, as the *Countess*, is too cold and declamatory. She has the habit of giving a great appearance of sentimental importance to passages which ought to be simply spoken. The other performers do little which demands either praise or censure. There are chorusses, and an excellent overture to the play; these are the work of Mr. Russell and Mr. Davy. The Prologue is spoken by Mr. Brunton, and the Epilogue by Miss Norton.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1808.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

France.—IN our last Number we delivered our remarks on the Russian Declaration, and on the Counter-declaration of our Court. The official paper of France has since been employed in the same task, though with rather a different spirit; it has considered the British Declaration, paragraph by paragraph, and has said every thing in behalf of Russia that French ingenuity could devise. The subject on which it particularly expatiates, is the attack on Copenhagen, the only circumstance in-

deed of which Russia could make any just complaint. *The Moniteur* asserts that there were no secret articles in the Treaty of Tilsit, no secret engagements to the disadvantage of Britain; that consequently our Ministers were guilty of a direct falsehood in affirming that they had intelligence to that purport, or shamefully credulous in giving ear to information which could not be true.

But *The Moniteur* takes a still higher ground: it affirms that our Ministers did not themselves believe that any secret engagements had taken place at Tilsit. "If, in fact," it urges, "the "cabinet of London did believe in the existence of such engagements between France "and Russia, why did it not, at the very instant of that discovery which induced it to "attack Copenhagen, assail the Russian squadron in the Mediterranean, instead of permitting it to clear the Straits of Gibraltar? "Why did three Russian vessels which were "coming from the North Sea, pass through "the English squadron which was blockading "Copenhagen? Why, if secret stipulations "have been made at Tilsit to the disadvantage "of England, did the Cabinet of London have "recourse to the mediation of Russia, in order to conciliate its difference with Denmark? Let these Ministers be at least consistent with themselves, and let them not "assert, a few pages lower, these very words: "But until the Russian Declaration was published (that is, until November) his Majesty had no reason to suspect that any opinion which the Emperor of Russia might "entertain of the transactions at Copenhagen, "could be such as to preclude his Imperial "Majesty from undertaking, at the request of "Great Britain, that same office of Mediator. Thus the English have recourse to "the mediation of Russia, in order to come "to an arrangement with Denmark, more "than three months after the Treaty of Tilsit; "and they pretend, as we shall still see further down, that they understood the Expedition against Denmark, only to oppose the "execution of the arrangements at Tilsit, and "to defeat one of the objects of those arrangements. They seized Danish vessels, on account of arrangements which the Emperor "of Russia had made at Tilsit: they permitted the vessels of the Emperor of Russia to "pass freely; they were at peace with Russia, for they had recourse to her mediation; "it is hence not true that they now believe in "the existence of these arrangements."

It is not without mortification, that we peruse such strong reasoning. It is inconceivable that our Ministers should have left untouched, even when in our power, a principal in the alleged hostile engagements, while an accessary under her influence, should be made to feel all the weight of our vengeance. Still more strange it is, that the mediation of this great power should be sought to compose our differences with the smaller state, after we had taken vengeance upon it for transactions in which the great power was itself a principle. To crown these extraordinary circumstances, it is to be observed that the proffered mediation of Russia with France was declined, at the very same time that her mediation with Denmark was requested.

The other reasonings in *The Moniteur* are comparatively of little importance. Some ridiculous reproaches are thrown out against us for deserting our allies; and the plan is very kindly laid down by which our operations should have proceeded. The writer at length undertakes to intimidate us, and assures us, "that Bonaparte will not only not lay down "his arms, but that he will augment his force "until he has conquered the liberty of the "seas, which is his birth-right, and the patrimony of all nations." This sally, however, proves to be nothing more than one of those sudden ebullitions of vanity which a Frenchman can never check. *The Moniteur* soon changes its tone, and concludes with frankly assuring us that those maritime rights, which we claim, and which others dispute, need be no obstacle in the way of peace. It reminds us that these rights can only be exercised during war, and that in peace they are a mere dead letter: it therefore concludes, that peace must at once lay the whole controversy to rest, not to be again resumed until a future war. If peace be the only way by which Bonaparte is to conquer the liberty of the seas, we heartily wish to see his dominion quickly established.

No sooner had Bonaparte received intelligence of our Orders of Council, than he immediately issued a Decree still more strictly cutting off all intercourse with this country. By this edict, every ship, to whatever nation it belongs, that has undertaken a voyage to England, paid any tax to our Government, or even submitted to be searched by any English ship, shall, for that action alone, be denationalized, be considered as having forfeited the protection of its King, and become English property. All vessels thus denationalized are declared to be lawful prizes, whether they enter the ports of France and her allies, or fall into the hands of

their ships of war or privateers. The British islands are declared to be in a state of blockade, both by sea and land; and every vessel, of whatever nation, going to or from the ports of Britain, or her colonies, is declared to be lawful prize. To conclude this singular edict, it is declared to be a mere measure of retaliation against England.

By this impotent ebullition of vengeance, Bonaparte has declared that there shall be no neutral trade: and has cut off the last resource which remained to his commercial towns. Already have the maritime inhabitants began to complain of the sad distresses which they endure; but he has only answered them by laying an embargo on all the neutral vessels in the ports of France. By these extravagant proceedings, it is evident that his own subjects must suffer far more than either the British or the neutrals.

Another edict, which has just arrived, shews Bonaparte's determination to loosen all the ties of good faith among men rather than not obtain his ends aginst our commerce. It decrees that "when a vessel shall enter into a French "port, or into that of a country occupied by "the French armies, any man of the crew, or a "passenger, who shall declare to the principal "of the Custom-house that the said ship comes "from England or her colonies, or countries occupied by English troops, or that it has been "visited by any English vessels, shall receive the "third part of the produce of the net sale of the "said ship and cargo, if it is found that the declaration is correct." Every one of the crew and passengers is to undergo an interrogatory separately, in order to elicit such information; and any agent of Government, who shall be found guilty of conniving at the breach of the decree, is to undergo the punishment of high treason.

During his late journey to Italy, Napoleon made another step towards the consolidation of that form of empire, in which France is to form a great centre, surrounded by a number of dependant states. He has formally settled the succession of his favorite kingdom of Italy on his stepson Eugene Beauharnois, at the same time declaring its entire separation from the succession to the French throne.

America.—It appears that the Americans have at length ventured to enforce the non-importation act, which they so long held suspended over our commerce. It is, however, a prohibitary act, rather in name than in substance; for it prohibits the importation only of those finer manufactures which are rarely used in America, while those coarser and more substantial manufactories without which that country could scarcely exist, are exempted from its operation. The partisans of Britain and of France, are pretty equally balanced; but the former appear to be gaining ground. Mr. Jefferson has declined a formal invitation from the province of Pennsylvania to stand candidate again for the Presidency at the next election; and has declared his firm resolution to retire wholly from public business.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

The ambassadors of Russia, Prussia, and Austria have, at length, quitted this kingdom. It is said that the efforts of Count Stahremberg, the Austrian Minister to bring about a general peace, have been incessant and indefatigable; and his known attachment to the interests of this country, makes his departure subject of much regret.

Madeira has been surrendered into our hands by a friendly capitulation, on the condition that it shall be restored to the Crown of Portugal, as soon as that kingdom shall be emancipated from Dutch domination. This temporary transfer is of incalculable advantage to the island, as its trade will thus be preserved unshackled and unimpaired.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

On the 21st inst. Parliament met according to prorogation. In the absence of his Majesty, the following speech was delivered by Commissioners:

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"We have received his Majesty's commands to assure you, that in calling you together at this important conjuncture of affairs, he entertains the most perfect conviction, that he shall find in you the same determination with which his Majesty himself is animated, to uphold the honour of his Crown, and the just rights and interests of his people.

"We are commanded by his Majesty to inform you, that no sooner had the result of the Negociations at Tilsit confirmed the influence and controul of France over the Powers of the Continent, than his Majesty was apprized of the intentions of the enemy to combine those Powers in one general confederacy, to be directed either to the entire subjugation of this kingdom, or to the imposing upon his Majesty an insecure and ignominious peace.

"That for this purpose, it was determined to force into hostility against his Majesty, States which had hitherto been allowed by France to maintain or to purchase their neutrality; and

to bring to bear against different points of his Majesty's dominions the whole of the naval force of Europe, and specifically the fleets of Portugal and Denmark.

"To place those fleets out of the power of such a confederacy, became therefore the indispensable duty of his Majesty.

"In the execution of this duty, so far as related to the Danish fleet, his Majesty has commanded us to assure you, that it was with the deepest reluctance that his Majesty found himself compelled, after his earnest endeavours to open a Negociation with the Danish Government had failed, to authorise his Commanders to resort to the extremity of force, but that he has the greatest satisfaction in congratulating you upon the successful execution of this painful, but necessary service.

"We are further commanded to acquaint you, that the course which his Majesty had to pursue with respect to Portugal, was happily of a nature more congenial to his Majesty's feelings.—The time and unreserved communication by the Court of Lisbon of the demands and designs of France, while it confirmed to his Majesty the authenticity of the advices which he had received from other quarters, entitled that Court to his Majesty's confidence in the sincerity of the assurances by which that communication was accompanied.

"The Fleet of Portugal was destined by France to be employed as an instrument of vengeance against Great Britain. That fleet has been secured from the grasp of France, and is now employed in conveying to its American dominions the hopes and fortunes of the Portuguese Monarchy. His Majesty implores the protection of Divine Providence upon that enterprise, rejoicing in the preservation of a Power so long the Friend and Ally of Great Britain; and in the prospect of its establishment in the New World with augmented strength and splendour.

"We have it in command from his Majesty to inform you, that the determination of the enemy to excite hostilities between his Majesty and his late Allies, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, has been but too successful; and that the Ministers from those Powers have demanded and received their passports.

"This measure, on the part of Russia, has been attempted to be justified by a statement of wrongs and grievances which have no real foundation. The Emperor of Russia had indeed proffered his Mediation between his Majesty and France. His Majesty did not refuse that Mediation, but he is confident you will feel the propriety of its not having been accepted until His Majesty should have been enabled to ascertain that Russia was in a condition to mediate impartially, and until the principles of the basis on which France was ready to negociate were made known to his Majesty.

"No pretence of justification has been alledged for the hostile conduct of the Emperor of Austria, or for that of his Prussian Majesty. His Majesty has not given the slightest ground of complaint to either of those Sovereigns, nor even at the moment when they have respectively withdrawn their Ministers, have they assigned to his Majesty any distinct cause for that proceeding.

"His Majesty has directed that copies of the Correspondence between his Majesty's Ambassador and the Minister for Foreign Affairs of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, during the Negociation at Tilsit, and the official Note of the Russian Minister at this Court, containing the offer of his Imperial Majesty's Mediation between his Majesty and France, together with the answer returned to that note by his Majesty's command; and also copies of the official notes, presented by the Austrian Minister at this Court, and of the answers which his Majesty commanded to be returned to them, should be laid before you.

"It is with concern that his Majesty commands us to inform you, that, notwithstanding his earnest wishes to terminate the War in which he is engaged with the Ottoman Porte, his Majesty's endeavours, unhappily for the Turkish Empire, have been defeated by the machinations of France, not less the enemy of the Porte than of Great Britain.

"But while the influence of France has been thus unfortunately successful in preventing the termination of existing hostilities, and in exciting new war against this Country, his Majesty commands us to inform you, that the King of Sweden has resisted every attempt to induce him to abandon his alliance with Great Britain; and that his Majesty entertains no doubt that you will feel with him the sacredness of the duty which the firmness and fidelity of the King of Sweden impose upon his Majesty, and that you will concur in enabling his Majesty to discharge it in a manner worthy of this Country.

"It remains for us, according to his Majesty's command, to state to you that the Treaty of Commerce and Amity between his Majesty and the United States of America, which was concluded and signed by Commissioners duly authorised for that purpose, on the 31st of December, 1806, has not taken effect, in con-

sequence of the refusal of the President of the United States to ratify that instrument.

"For an unauthorised act of force committed against an American ship of war, his Majesty did not hesitate to offer immediate and spontaneous reparation. But an attempt has been made by the American Government to connect with the question which has arisen out of this act, pretensions inconsistent with the Maritime Rights of Great Britain; such pretensions his Majesty is determined never to admit. His Majesty, nevertheless, hopes that the American Government will be actuated by the same desire to preserve the relations of Peace and Friendship between the two Countries which has ever influenced his Majesty's conduct, and that any difficulties in the discussion now pending may be effectually removed.

"His Majesty has commanded me to state to you, that in consequence of the Decree by which France declared the whole of his Majesty's Dominions to be in a state of blockade, and subjected to seizure and confiscation, the produce and manufactures of his Kingdom, his Majesty resorted, in the first instance, to a measure of mitigated retaliation; and that this measure having proved ineffectual for its object, his Majesty has since found it necessary to adopt others of greater vigour, which, he commands us to state to you, will require the aid of Parliament to give them complete and effectual operation.

"His Majesty has directed Copies of the Orders which he has issued with the advice of his Privy Council upon this subject to be laid before you, and he commands us to recommend them to your early attention."

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"His Majesty has directed the Estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you, in the fullest confidence that your loyalty and public spirit will induce you to make such provision for the public service as the urgency of affairs may require.

"His Majesty has great satisfaction in informing you, that notwithstanding the difficulties which the enemy has endeavoured to impose upon the Commerce of his subjects, and upon their Intercourse with other Nations, the resources of the Country have continued in the last year to be so abundant, as to have produced, both from the permanent and temporary revenue, a receipt considerably larger than that of the preceding year.

"The satisfaction which his Majesty feels assured you will derive, in common with his Majesty, from this proof of the solidity of these resources, cannot but be greatly increased, if, as his Majesty confidently hopes, it shall be found possible to raise the necessary Supplies for the present year without any material addition to the public burthens.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"We are especially commanded to say to you, in the name of his Majesty, that, if ever there was a just and National war, it is that which his Majesty is now compelled to prosecute.—This war is in its principle purely defensive. His Majesty looks but to the attainment of a secure and honourable Peace; but such a Peace can only be negociated upon a footing of perfect equality.

"The eyes of Europe and of the world are fixed upon the British Parliament.

"If, as his Majesty confidently trusts, you display in this crisis of the fate of the Country, the characteristic spirit of the British Nation, and face unappalled the unnatural combination which is gathered around us, his Majesty bids us to assure you of his firm persuasion, that under the blessing of Divine Providence, the struggle will prove successful and glorious to Great Britain.

"We are lastly commanded to assure you, that in this awful and momentous contest, you may rely on the firmness of his Majesty, who has no cause but that of his people, and that his Majesty reciprocally relies on the wisdom, the constancy, and the affectionate support of his Parliament."

The Address was moved by Lord Galloway. He commented on the different parts of the speech with many commendations; and expressed a confident hope that their vote would be unanimous on the present occasion. The Address was seconded by Lord Kenyon, and opposed by the Duke of Norfolk, who contended that it was impossible to concur in the Address, as no information whatever had been produced to enable them to decide on the justice of the attack on Copenhagen. Lord Sidmouth supported this argument of his Grace, in a speech of uncommon ardour; and branded the attack on Copenhagen, as an imitation of that monstrous system of iniquity and oppression, which characterised the progress of French dominion. Lord Grenville strongly reprobated the conduct of Ministers, not only in regard to Copenhagen, but the Orders of Council, their neglect of Ireland, and other measures. Lord Hawksbury defended the Administration in regard to the attack on Copenhagen; and asserted that they had ample information of the hostile intentions of Denmark, though it would be improper to disclose the sources of this intelli-

gence. Some amendments were proposed and rejected, and the Address was finally carried without a division.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The debate held exactly the same course in the House of Commons, as in the House of Lords. Lord Hamilton moved, and Mr. Ellis seconded the Address, and was chiefly supported by Mr. Milner, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Perceval; and opposed by Lord Milton, Mr. George Ponsonby, Mr. Whitbread, and Mr. Sheridan. Here, as in the House of Lords, the chief topic insisted upon by the opposition was the attack on Copenhagen. But the Address was at length carried without either amendment or division.

Though no division took place on the Address in the House of Peers, yet the Lords in opposition were so little satisfied with the result, that they next day entered a Protest on the Journals, against that clause in the Address approving the attack on Copenhagen, because no proof had been brought forward of any hostile intention on the part of Denmark, nor any case of necessity made out. The Peers who signed the Protest were the Dukes of Gloucester and Norfolk, Lords Rawdon, Lauderdale, Grey, Vassal Holland, and Sidmouth. To this Protest Lord Erskine adhered, at the same time adding another of his own, in which he more fully expatiates on the improbability of Denmark entertaining any hostile intentions against this country, and on the atrocity of the act of aggression if it were really unprovoked.

LONDON AND FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

VISIT TO STOWE.

ABOUT two o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, Jan. 11, the venerable Prince de Condé, the Duc de Bourbon, and the Comte de Rouile, reached Stowe, and were followed, in about an hour and a half by the Comte de Lille, the Comte d'Anjoulême, the Duc de Grammont, and the Comte de Damas. The Duc d'Orleans did not not arrive till five, and was unaccompanied by his Brother, the Comte de Beaujalois, also invited, but who is, we are sorry to state, severely indisposed. The illustrious Stranger was received at the north entrance of Stowe House, by the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Temple, and Lord George Grenville), (the latter quite recovered from his late indisposition) at the foot of the steps leading thereto, in their full yeomanry uniform. After which the whole company proceeded to the magnificent Saloon (the boast and wonder of the country), where they were received by music, a grand band of which gave "God Save the "King" in the best style, and with the most admirable effect. At a little after five, the company re-assembled to dinner, when about fifty sat down to an entertainment, the splendour and magnificence of which, mocks description. When the Marquis drank, after dinner, "the Il-"lustrious House of Bourbon," the music gave the well-known air of—"Oh Richard, oh mon "Roi!" &c. the feelings which this occasioned may be conceived, but cannot be expressed. "The King, and Prosperity to Great Britain," was then toasted by the Comte de Lille; and the Ladies at Mittau (the Queen and the Countess d'Angoulême) were afterwards drank. In the evening, music and dancing were the prelude to supper. During the whole of the day the Comte de Lille appeared in the best of spirits, and highly sensible of the attentions of his Noble Hosts.

The following is said to be an original letter from Lady Craven, to one of her theatrical female friends, who asked *how she liked her change of situation*:—

MY DEAR T* * * * * *

No doubt you are interested in the question by asking me so soon my opinion of *Matrimony*—it would be *Love's Labour Lost*, indeed, if I disliked it in *The Honey Moon*. If you continue such a prude, as to retain your old opinion of *Marriage à la Mode*, and still consider it as *foolish*, I would advise you by all means to catch the *Folly as it Flies*, provided you hit upon some sober spark who has sown his *Wild Oats—trial's all*, you know. However, if upon *Review*, you should'nt like the state, why you may cause *The Devil to Pay* in the *School for Scandal*; and, of course, the result of your *Wedding Day* will then form a very pretty *Winter's Tale!*—Thus, at all events, like a fashionable woman, you will *Raise the Wind*. Do not *Wonder* at trifling; for, you know, *Laugh when you Can* has been ever my maxim.

But to be serious—follow my advice:—In *Three Weeks after Marriage* speak of it *As you Like it*; and if you are disappointed, call me a *Country Girl, Too Friendly by Half.*—With such charms as you possess, I know all you want is, *The Will.*—Once married, you may, quite in the fashion, act as you choose; and if your spouse proves *a Provoked Husband*, why you may take your own *Revenge*, and make him a *Suspicious one.*—If now (notwithstanding all I have said) you remain obstinate and single, perhaps, in nine months hence, as *Time's a Tell-tale*, I may produce an additional inducement.

Adieu, your's, &c. D.

RE-APPEARANCE OF A THEATRICAL HEROINE.—After an absence of two years, carefully employed in the acquisition of notoriety, this lady has re-appeared upon the London boards—a fair candidate for public approbation!!!—When we saw her name first announced in the bills of Covent-garden theatre, we confess our astonishment. We were, however, silent, confidently expecting that the chastisement of vice would prove the consequence of its effrontery, certain that she would afford an useful lesson to future heroines, telling them if they cannot be virtuous, they should at least be prudent; nor, after having vilely sullied the purity of private life, presume to shew with what facility a virtuous public can be duped into forgiveness. The event, however, has not justified our expectation—the lady has been tolerated, and we should consider ourselves neglecting the duties of a moral press, did we any longer withhold our sentiments on the subject. Much as the propriety of scenic exhibition has hitherto been questioned, we shall certainly never appear in the list of their opponents, so long as the stage continues to be the vehicle of public morality—the mirror in which vice may shrink at its reflections—the voice through which virtue shall be consoled in its fall, and applauded in its elevation.

Now this effect we think can never be produced while immoral agents are employed in its fulfilment; and certainly when a thoughtless parent takes his child to witness the representation of a moral character by an actress notoriously the contrary, we can consider it in no other light than as inculcating to the youthful mind how easily virtue may be *acted*, and how effectually the hypocrite may deceive!—We are fully aware that this remark may be retorted by those who may choose to differ from us in opinion—there are certainly a class of characters in which the notoriety of Mrs. A. J's. real situation need not destroy the illusion of her fictitious one, and so long as the lady contents herself in the line of the *Bizarres* and *Miltwoods*, we will lavish on her all that panegyric which a perfect portrait of nature depicted with admirable talents must ever justify.

From the recent elevations of the fair, from the mimic stage to the higher ranks of real and splendid life, some modern speculatists think that the wearing of the spangled and bugled diadems of a passing hour will soon be considered, among men of *ton*, as a necessary probation, previous to the assumption of the coronet and mantle of female nobility. Among other instances of *rising* merit in this line, there is even a report that another *(ci-devant)* actress is to *walk up* to the seat of a *Marchioness.*

The Gentlemen of the Long Robe are likely to be called on before long, to exercise their forensic talents, in a case of *Crim. Con.* under circumstances of a very peculiar nature. The fair delinquent, it seems, after having been thirteen years married, found herself, to the *great joy of her Lord*, in an increasing situation; but as the hour of her *accouchement* drew near, the horrors of dissolution induced her to acquaint her injured spouse, that the expected offspring was not his, but the fruits of an illicit intercourse with a medico-military hero. The Lady was immediately sent home and *on the same day was delivered.* We understand some letters were soon after discovered, which placed the matter in a point of view, as curious as it is certain.

The superb dress worn by the Duke of Bedford at the marriage of the Prince of Wales, which cost 1000*l.* was lately sold at an auction, for 15*l.* only.

THE OPERA HOUSE.—The Marquis of Headfort and William Ogilvie, Esq. who were chosen arbitrators respecting the dispute between Mr. Taylor and Mr. Waters, have given their award in favour of the latter; but for the sake of the interests of the property, have recommended an amicable adjustment of all private disputes.

THE OPERA ESTABLISHMENT.

Madame Catalani, to perform twice a week in a Serious or Comic Opera ... £5250

In addition to which she is to have two clear Benefits.

Madam Dussek, to perform in Serious Opera, and to take the part of principal *Buffa*, in case Madame Catalani is ill and unable to perform 300

Signor Righi	£500
Signor Morelli	500
Signor Rovedino	500
Signor Braghetti	200
Signor de Giovanni	200
Signora Columbati	100
Signora Woolrich, late Miss Morellari	100
Mr. Weischell, as Leader of the Band	315
Mr. Ferrari, for presiding at the Harpsichord	200
Mr. D'Egville, as Principal BalletMaster	800
PRINCIPAL DANCERS.	
Monsieur and Madam Deshayes	2100
An Allowance for their Dresses	300
Monsieur Moreau	400
Mademoiselle Presle	650
Monsieur Robert	125
Miss Cranfield	150
Miss Gayton	150

Some time ago, Mr. Aris, Keeper of the House of Correction, Clerkenwell, nearly lost his life by a person who was in the habit of conveying spirituous liquors to a friend in the gaol. This practice being at length suspected, some hints were communicated to this visitant that he would be punished. On his next visit he was challenged by Mr. Aris, and told that he must be searched. He positively denied that he had then, to his knowledge, any spirituous liquors about him. His pockets were, however, searched, and a bottle found full in one of them. This Mr. Aris instantly uncorked, and applied to his mouth, to ascertain the liquor. He suffered the greatest torture in consequence, for the bottle contained oil of vitriol! evidently intended for Mr. Aris, or any of his people who should incautiously attempt a detection in the like manner. The man, who was of repectable appearance, denied, with perfect *sang-froid*, that he knew of the bottle being in his great-coat pocket, and pretended just then to remember he had bought it for some experiments, a day or two before, at a chemist's in the Strand, and had totally forgotten it was in his pocket; but added, that it was not his fault, nor his desire, that Mr. Aris chose to taste it. What was to be done? It was impossible to prove the malicious intention; and this fellow, therefore, escaped punishment.

PORTER.—Statement of the quantity of Strong Beer, brewed by the twelve principal Houses, between the 5th July, 1807, and the 5th January, 1808:—

Meux	79,725
Brown and Parry	65,666
Barclay	61,053
Whitbread	52,640
Hanbury	48,866
Shum	24,374
F. Calvert	22,049
Goodwyn	21,185
Elliott	18,166
Taylor	15,637
John Calvert	15,044
Clowes	14,350

PROVINCIAL VARIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 22.—This day, being Bachelor's Commencement, the following 88 gentlemen, from the undermentioned colleges, were admitted to the degree of Bachelors of Arts:—

King's coll.—Messrs. Byam, Litchfield, Richards 3

Trinity coll.—Messrs. Baker, Blomfield, Cazalet, Chambers, Clark, Clarke, Gower, Greene, Grylls, Hatchett, Hudson, Knox, M'Arthur, Mackenzie, Mercer, Myers, Ord, Peacock, Pritchett, Remington, Sage, Scott, Sedgwick, Sutton, Thompson, Tomline, Ward, W. Webster, Wilkinson.....30

St. John's.—Messrs. Baldock, Bland, Browne, Caldwell, Cotterill, Delmar, Duffield, Haygarth, Hughes, Kelly, Male, Marsh, Marsham, Mitford, Morris, Parry, Wroth 17

Peterhouse.—Messrs. Batley, Brickwood, Heard, Pearce..... 4

Clare hall.—Messrs. Craddock, Crane, Gretton, Pullan, Rogers..... 5

Pembroke. — Messrs. Barnes, Clayton, Soane, Walker, Wilbraham..... 5

Caius.—Messrs. Bickersteth, Blake, White 3

Bennett.—Mr. Markby..... 1

Queen's coll.—Messrs. Almond, Campbell, Clarke, Spragg..... 4

Catharine hall.—Mr. Simpson..... 1

Jesus coll.—Messrs. Burdett, Barnaby... 2

Christ's college.—Messrs. Buck, Gordon,

Leathes, Merry, Mortlock..... 5

Emanuel coll.—Messrs. Allix, Flamstead, Thorpe, Vane..... 4

Sidney.—Messrs. Blomfield, Clarke, Jefferson, Wainwright..... 4

The Senior Wrangler this year is Mr. Bickersteth, of Caius college.

A Lay Fellowship is now vacant in Downing College; it is open to all graduates in arts, physic, or civil law, under the age of 24, either of this university or Oxford. The election will be in Easter week, after an examination in all subjects of academical learning.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.—A General Meeting of this Society, in terms of their charter, was held in their new Hall, on Tuesday, January 19, Lord Viscount Cathcart, Vice-President, in the Chair. Her Grace Jean, Duchess of Gordon, was unanimously voted a member of the Society without a ballot, the Society adopting this mode of election, as on former occasions, to mark its approbation of ladies of high rank coming forward in support of the institution.

The Secretary laid before the Meeting the proceedings of the Directors since the General Meeting in June last, which were taken under consideration, and approved of. From these it appeared, that useful information had been obtained, on the subject of the introduction of stapling of wool into Scotland, and on other subjects, for which premiums had been advertised; and that proper attention had been given by the Members of the Society, resident in the different districts where premiums had been advertised by the Society, for ploughing-matches, and other improvements in agriculture, and for ameliorating the breed of black cattle, &c. The Meeting directed a list of those premiums, and the persons to whom they had been adjudged, to be published in the newspapers, in the usual manner.

ENUMERATION of the PRINCIPAL SCOTCH BREEDS OF DROVING CATTLE.—There are some breeds of cattle in Scotland, as the Aberdeenshire, and the Angus or Forfarshire, which are nearly as large as some in England. But the sorts which are chiefly the objects of the English purchaser, are—1. The Galloway; 2. The Fife; 3. The Argyll; 4. The Kyloes *, or Western Highlanders; and, 5. The Norlands, or North Country cattle, from Inverness, Ross Sutherland, and Caithness.

1. The Galloway polled cattle are remarkable for the fineness of their shape, for being quickly fattened, and being afterwards kept in good condition. They are already well known in England, more especially in the Eastern and Midland Counties.

2. The Fife breed is reckoned among the best sorts that Scotland produces. It is said to have been originally brought from Leicestershire, and to have accompanied an English Princess (Margaret, the wife of James IV.) when she came to Falkland in Fife, which was that sovereign's favourite residence.

3. The Argyll is the largest of the true Highland breeds, and much approved of by many excellent judges. The weight and the price of this breed varies, according to the age and sex of the animal, and the manner in which it has been reared. They are much run upon by the graziers in Yorkshire, and other Northern Districts.

4. The celebrated Bakewell admired so much the Skye breed, or western Kyloes, on account of the excellence of their shape, that he often wished he had begun his improvement in cattle with them; for, however small in point of size, that could easily have been increased by good feeding, more especially when they were young. In point of appearance, many of them are so remarkably small, that it is not easy to credit the weight, to which, by attention and good feeding, they may be ultimately brought.

5. The Norland cattle, from Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, are also small sized. —Their breed is remarkable for the delicacy of its flesh and fat, and for having its meat uncommonly well marbled. The distance from which they must be driven, being so great (from three hundred to sometimes four hundred miles, even to the borders of England), it must necessarily bring them to low condition, before they reach the ultimate place of their destination, and consequently they must take more time to fatten. The price, however, is proportionally lower; and there is no breed which, in the opinion of Deacon Melliss, the principal butcher in Edinburgh, pays better for its meat, or is more luxurious eating.

On the subject of purchasing these different breeds, it is necessary to observe, that it is now hardly possible to buy any bullocks in the Highlands much above three years old; but it is to be observed, that when they are young, and properly fed, they not only grow in point of size, but improve at the same time in condition, a circumstance which adds greatly to the profit of the grazier.

* Kyloes, mean animals that have crossed the kyles, or ferries, with which the Highlands of Scotland abound. The north country cattle are called Norlands, in allusion to the situation of the districts from which they come. The true stamp, is a very strong expression.

ANTIQUITIES.—The chain found in the line of the Caledonian Canal consists of thirty-three circular links, formed of a perfectly cylindrical body, half an inch thick, neatly joined without solder. They are linked in pairs, each of which is about two inches diameter, except those at the extremities, which are 2¼th inches. A link at one of the ends has, since the discovery of the chain, been taken away; but as the remaining one is of the same dimensions with those at the other end, we may conclude that the chain was then entire. Its whole length is 18 inches, weighing about 10¼ oz. The two small figures are parts of a flat and very massy ring, which has been broken since it was found; but from its form, and the appearance of wearing in the inside, it has evidently moved on some bolt. It is neatly channelled round, leaving a prominent astragal on every side. Both the chain and ring are of excellent workmanship; and whether we attend to the uniform thickness and polish of the links, the ingenuity with which they are joined, or the perfect symmetry of the whole, we cannot but pronounce it to have been the work of an artist of no inconsiderable skill. The admirers of Caledonian Antiquities are under considerable obligations to Mr. Stewart, a goldsmith, by whom it was purchased, for having rescued this curious relick from the fate to which things of the same kind are but too frequently consigned. No small degree of curiosity will, doubtless, be excited among our intelligent readers respecting it; and we are sorry we cannot materially aid their enquiries. We take the liberty, however, of laying before them the following hints, in the hope that those who have more leisure and ability will investigate the era and use of this extraordinary piece of workmanship.

It cannot have been formed prior to the invasion of Britain by the Romans, for then the natives were little acquainted with metals. It would seem to belong to the latter end of the Pictish period; or perhaps it is of far more modern date. If Pictish, it must have been coeval with the cairn in which it was found, and is of course connected with the etymology of its designation and that of the hill. The name of both are evidently British, that being the language spoken by the Picts. *Tor-y-Uen*, *Tor-y-Fione*, and *Cil-y Uen Cil-y-Fione*, are the modern *Toreeveon* and *Kilevoen*, and unquestionably apply to the conflicts of the Picts with the Malviads, or Fingalians. If this be the era of the chain, it may have suspended the unwieldy claymore of some doughty Fingalian, or bound the shackles of some stubborn captive. This is the more likely, as gold chains of similar workmanship, though not so many, have been found near the scene of ancient battles. It is too weighty for common use, and as no part of it is much worn, it cannot have been used for any laborious purpose, nor do we remember any period of Caledonian history, when silver was so plenty. On the supposition that it is as old as the cairn in which it was found, the other cairns, of which there are several in its neighbourhood, should be opened; and according as they contain urns, or bones, we may date their formation prior or posterior to the introduction of Christianity. Should such remote antiquity be denied, there is no circumstance, except the chain being traced to some other place, for the discovery of some other similar articles, that can lead to any well-founded conjecture respecting its use.

A melancholy accident happened on New Year's day, at the church of Painswick, Gloucestershire. As the bell-ringers were ringing-in the new year, one of the bells broke from its station, and forcing its way through three floors, fell among the ringers. One man was killed on the spot, and several others were dreadfully bruised and wounded.

A trader from Leeds to Hull, in coming down with a cargo of coals, was lost below Whitton Sands. At the time the vessel took the ground, the master, his pregnant wife, and two of their children, were on board. His first care was to save his wife, whom he carried in his arms to the shore, a distance of about a mile; he immediately returned to the children, and, notwithstanding the rapidity of the current, and the interruption of large sheets of floating ice, succeeded in getting on shore; where he found his wife a corpse: and, to complete the climax of heart-rending distress, his two children, overcome by the intense cold, expired soon after in his arms.

COMPOSITION FOR CURING DAMP WALLS.—Boil two quarts of tar with two ounces of kitchen grease, for a quarter of an hour, in an iron pot. Add some of this tar to a mixture of slaked lime, and powdered glass, which have passed through a flour-sieve, and been dried completely over the fire in an iron pot; in the proportion of two parts of lime, and one of glass; till the mixture becomes of the consistence of thin plaister.—The cement must be used immediately after being mixed, and therefore it is proper not to mix more of it at a time than will coat one square foot of wall, since it quickly becomes too hard for use, and continues to increase its hardness for three weeks. Great care must also be taken to prevent any moisture

from mixing with the cement.—For a wall which is merely damp, it will be sufficient to lay on one coating of the cement, about one-eighth of an inch thick; but should the wall be more than damp, or wet, it will be necessary to coat it a second time.—Plaster made of lime, hair, and plaster of Paris, may be afterwards laid upon the cement.—This cement, when put in water, will suffer neither an increase nor diminution in its weight; and it has the peculiar advantage of joining Portland-stone, or marble, so as to make them as durable as they were prior to the fracture.

A remarkably fat ewe, of the Yorkshire breed, was killed at Keswick last week: her four quarters weighed only six stone; but the fat, when taken out, weighed 2½ stone, 14lb. to the stone.

In the vicinity of a gentleman's house, near St. Helen's, a small covey of partridges come daily to the door to be fed. They feed among the poultry, and are so tame and familiar, that they will eat corn even from the hands of strangers.

A winter pear-tree, in a garden at Greenhill, Swansea, has this season produced fruit of a second blossom; some were nearly the size of an egg.

Two turnips have this year been grown by Mr. Allen, of Wells, in Norfolk, one measuring 37½ inches in circumference and weighing 20½lbs. They were scooped out, and sent to London as a cover to a lease of partridges and a hare each.

Cure for a restive Horse, as prescribed by a writer on military tactics in the time of Charles I. recommended to inexperienced riders.—"Moreover if your horse be wresty, so as he cannot be put forwards, then let one take a cat tyed by the tayle to a long pole, and when he goes backwards thrust the cat between his legs, where she may claw him, and forget not to threaten your horse with a terrible noyse: or otherwise take a hedge-hog, and tye him streight by one of his feete to the inside of the horse's tayle, so that he may squeake and pricke him."

In the church at Dunstable, Bedfordshire, is an epitaph on a woman who had nineteen children at five births, in the following manner:—at the three first births, three each time; and at the two next, five each birth.

At the last dinner given by Earl Grosvenor to the Corporation of Chester, the most conspicuous dishes were, a baron of beef, and a large Christmas pye, which weighed 154lbs. It contained three geese, three turkies, seven hares, twelve partridges, a ham, and a leg of veal.

Hydrophobia.—A professional gentleman, (Mr. Twemlow, of Stone Chair, near Lawton, in Cheshire) observes, a publication lately published, on this subject, that "canine "madness, during the last winter and this au-"tumn, has been so frequent in London and its "neighbourhood, as to cause universal alarm, "especially as the efficacy of the Ormskirk "and every other internal remedy is totally "disproved."—He then states the case of a man being severely bitten by a diseased dog, and says, "He directly came to me, much "alarmed; I washed the wounds with mu-"riatic acid, or spirit of salt, which brought "on inflammation, and an abscess was the "consequence, but considering the extent of "the wounds, was little trouble to him. He "took both the Ormskirk medicine and ash "coloured liverwort, to appease his mind. "The dog bit a pig which went mad, and was "so violent they were obliged to shoot him." In a second case of a bite from a dog, the author used the same remedies.—A third case is given as follows:—"John Downs, an appren-"tice to Mr. Twiss, smith, in Odde Rode, "was bit by a neighbour's dog: he seized him "just above the shoe, and there was a wound "at least two inches long, on each side the "*tendon achilles*. I did not see him until more "than twenty-four hours had elapsed: I wash-"ed the wounds with muriatic acid, and ap-"plied a common poultice to prevent inflam-"mation; on the third day I repeated the "application of the acid. He took three or "four times a day, two spoonfuls of a mix-"ture composed of half an ounce of the acid, "a pint of water, and a little syrup. No "other means were used, very little inflamma-"tion succeeded, and the boy did very well, "though several animals went mad that were "bitten by the same dog. This case, he "says, was in June 1806, and I believe the "parties are all living. I preferred the mu-"riatic to any other acid, in consequence of "the old custom of dipping dogs, &c. in brine, "who were bit by a rabid animal, and am "confident of its superior success, to incision, "actual cautery, or any dry caustic, as the "washing the wound with the acid, finds the "depth each tooth penetrates. I am so con-"fident of its success, that I fancy I should "not feel the least uneasiness in being obliged "to try its efficacy on myself."

An alarming circumstance lately occurred at Warwick, in consequence of a large dog, be-

longing to a farm-house there, having accidentally broke his chain; he first seized a lad who went thither on an errand, whom he very materially injured; and another who came to his assistance was slightly hurt. On being severely flogged by the waggoner, the animal ran away, dragging a part of his chain after him; he was instantly pursued, under the idea of his being mad, and it was not until he had bitten ten or twelve persons, that he was with difficulty killed. The necessary measures were immediately taken by the faculty in the place to remove the apprehensions of those who conceived the dog to be mad.

LONGEVITY.—A Mrs. Mary Thrapson is now living in Kent-street, Liverpool, in good health and spirits, at the advanced age of 110 years, having been born in Scotland the 1st of January 1698. She has lived in the reign of five successive monarchs, beginning with King William. She bore a distinguished part in the battle of Dettingen, Culloden, Fontenoy, &c. under the Duke of Cumberland.

Another melancholy instance of the thoughtlessness and imprudence of parents.—Joseph Carr, an infant about four years of age, and blind, the son of William Carr, serving in the navy, being left by his mother, in her lodging in Lewes, with two other children younger than himself, for a short time, while she went to a shop for flour, got so near the fire, that his clothes caught the flames, when the child left the room, and ran into an adjoining well-house, where its cries brought a woman from the next house to its assistance, but too late, as the flames had consumed all its apparel, except the stockings, to tinder, and so miserably burnt the child, that he expired a few hours after in the greatest agony. Coroner's Verdict—*Accidental death.* The unfortunate little sufferer was born blind, but could run about the street like other boys, and possessed such a thorough knowledge of his play-mates, that he could readily distinguish one from the other.

Lately, as Thomas Dicker, a lad of 15, of Silchester, Berks, was preparing to go out a shooting, he found the flint defective, and gave the end of the gun, which was loaded, to his brother to hold, who placed it against his belly; on hammering the flint the prime caught fire, and the contents were discharged into the bowels of his brother, who languished in great agony till the next day.

A person in very respectable circumstances, who resided at Falkirk, went from his house about three months ago, in company with his wife, saying they would return the next day. They stopped at the house of an acquaintance soon afterwards, and since then they were not heard of, though the most diligent inquiries were set on foot. A few days ago, however, the bodies were found in a wood, some miles from their own house; a part of the man's remains having been eaten, as supposed by dogs. From the man having occasionally shewn symptoms of derangement, as well as from some marks on the woman, and a weapon found by her husband, it is supposed he first strangled her, and then stabbed himself.

IRELAND.—An attempt has been made to set the Dublin Library Society House on fire, by putting a lighted piece of coal, wrapped up in a quantity of linen rag and whited brown paper, among a great number of bundles of unbound books and loose papers, which were stored at the farthest part of the hall, and not more than two feet from the cieling and staircase. Had it not been for a gentleman of the Dublin Library Society, who was going out of the house, and discovered a smoke and smell of fire, and a flame having actually burst out from the papers, the house must have been on fire, and probably consumed. A reward has been offered for the discovery of the offender.

A melancholy accident lately occurred in the distillery in Belfast. When the fermenting vat was to be cleaned, though the men had been always strictly enjoined to have a large place taken out the previous night, and also to put down some burning coals, and afterwards to throw in a quantity of water, in order to expel the new air, yet, from mere negligence, one of them, without even trying the simple experiment of sending down a lighted candle, rashly descended into the vat, and was suffocated in a moment. His companions hearing him fall down, one of them hastily went to his assistance, and though others, who were present, insisted on his tying a rope round his waist, he, through over anxiety to save his comrade, instantly descended without it, but had scarcely reached the bottom of the ladder with a rope in his hand to fasten to the other man, when he himself was so affected by the air that he could only give some tremulous shrieks or cries, but being totally unable to help himself, he also fell down. Immediate exertions were then made by all present, and another man having fixed a rope round his waist descended, but before he could lay hold of either of the other two persons, he also was so strongly affected that the people above instantly drew him up again. For some minutes, he was strongly convulsed, and appeared like a person deranged, but on being taken to the open air, he immediately recovered. Notwith-

standing what he had experienced, his humanity prompted him to make a second attempt, in which he succeeded in throwing a noose over one of the men's legs, and he and that man were both drawn out. Though very much affected, and greatly exhausted by this second attempt, he insisted on going down a third time for the other man; he did so, and in a similar way accomplished his object. Having been rather longer down this third time, when drawn up, he was very seriously affected, but, fortunately, soon recovered. Medical assistance being immediately called, every exertion was made by two professional gentlemen to recover the two men who first descended, but though the one had been only 15 minutes, and the other only 10, in the vat, yet every attempt to revive them proved ineffectual.

The high winds during January did much mischief in the vicinity of Chepstow; many trees were blown down—the boat at the Old Passage was forced from its mooring, and received great damage, and upwards of a ton of lead from the roof of a house in the neighbourhood was carried to a considerable distance.

Mr. Gerard, of Pleasington, near Blackburn, died suddenly. He had supped with the family on muscles the night preceding his death, and retired to bed apparently well; he awoke about four in the morning in the greatest agony, and was a corpse by five. An inquest was held on the occasion on the following day, for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of this sudden catastrophe; when the attending surgeon gave his deposition to the Jury that his death was owing to the muscles he had eat the night before; this testimony was corroborated by every attending witness, and also by the symptoms which usually accompany those who are what is generally called *muscle stung*. It is well known what disagreeable effects frequently attend the eating of this species of fish; and what is singular, this disorder operates on some individuals oftener than others, owing to an idiocrasy of constitution. Let those persons, therefore, who are thus affected, abstain from sleep till the symptoms subside, for it is probable that the noxious effects produced by the fish, act with much greater force on the system during the time of sleep, than when awake.—The most efficacious remedy for the removal of this troublesome disease is an emetic early administered.

A shocking affair lately occurred at the Old Anti Mill, near Hull:—A boy about 12 years of age, deaf and dumb, son to Mr. Bailey, the miller, had by some accident suffered his hand to get entangled between the cogs, in consequence of which, his arm was drawn in among the works. In this dreadful situation he is supposed to have remained near half an hour, when, owing to the friction occasioned by this accident, and the lightness of the winds, the mill stopped. On the miller running up to the height of eight stories to ascertain the cause, the poor boy was found in a shocking condition, and was extricated as soon as possible, having two or three ribs, his collar-bone, and both the bones of one arm fractured, and the arm dreadfully lacerated in several places. Surgical assistance was immediately procured, and the arm amputated below the elbow.

During the late heavy falls of snow, which were severely felt by all the store farmers in Scotland, two sheep, the property of Mr. Bertram, farmer, at Westthorpe, in the county of East Lothian, were blown up and covered over with snow, beneath which they survived no less than five weeks and four days, without food; and, after having, of course, been considered as lost, one of them, after a day or two of thaw, travelled home to the farm leading from the place where (as was discovered), it had been blown up, a distance of about two miles, and is now thriving and doing well; but the other one was found dead.

BIRTHS.

In Downing-street, the lady of the Right Hon. R. Dundas, of a daughter.

The Right Hon Lady G. Stewart, of a son.

The Hon. Mrs. W. Wodehouse, of a still-born child.

In Grosvenor-place, the lady of Colonel Wilder, of twins, sons.

At Palshull, Staffordshire, the lady of Sir John Pigot, Bart. of a son.

Lady Eliz. Norman, of Melton Mowbray, eldest sister of the Duke of Rutland, of a son.

At Sir W. Farquahr's, Conduit-street, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Hook, of a daughter.

At Holebroke House, near Wincanton, the Hon. Mrs. Frankland, of a daughter.

On the 21st of December, at Barroch House, Caithness, the lady of John Sinclair, Esq. of a son; he was baptised William Henry Charles James Fox Erskine.

At his house at Walcot-parade, Bath, the lady of Captain Langford, of a daughter.

In Great Cumberland-place, the lady of W. Holland, Esq. of a son.

At Charlton, the seat of the Earl of Suffolk, the Viscountess of Andover, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Lord Keith has led Miss Thrale to the Hymenial Altar, at Ramsgate.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Joshua Sydney Horton, Esq. Captain of his Majesty's ship Princess of Orange, to Mrs. Whorwood, widow of the late H. M. Whorwood, Esq. of Headington House, Oxfordshire.

Lately, the celebrated jockey, Mr. Francis Buckle, of Long Orton, and late of Newmarket, to Miss Jane Thornton, youngest daughter of Mr. T. Thornton, of Litchfield.

At Freshwater Church, Isle of Wight, Sir J. P. Dalrymple, Bart. Lieut. Col. of the Royal Regiment of Malta, to Mary, second daughter of E. Rushworth, Esq. of Farringford Hill, in that Isle.

The Hon. George William Coventry, eldest son of Lord Deerhurst, and grandson of the Earl of Coventry, to the Hon. Emma Susanna Lygon.

Mr. Hughes, of Golden-square, to Madame Parisot, the Opera dancer.

DEATHS.

At Kinfauns Castle, on the 12th Dec. Wm. lord Gray. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his only brother, the Hon. Francis Gray, Postmaster-General for Scotland.

At his seat at Belton, in Lincolnshire, aged 61, the Right Hon. Brownlow, Lord Brownlow: he was the only son of the late Right Hon. Sir John Cust, Bart. Speaker of the House of Commons; in remuneration of whose services in that high office, he was advanced to the Peerage in 1776. His Lordship was twice married, first to Miss Drury, daughter and co-heiress, to Sir Thomas Drury, of Overstone, in Northamptonshire, and sister to the late Countess of Buckinghamshire: and secondly, to Miss Bankes, of Wimbledon, by whom he has left a numerous issue. He is succeeded in his title and estate by his esldest son, the Hon. John Cust, M. P. for the Borough of Clithero.

At her house in Upper Grosvenor-street, Emma, Countess Dowager of Mount Edgecumbe, relict of the third Lord and first Earl, and mother to the present Earl. Her Ladyship was Miss Gilbert, only daughter and heir of Dr. John Gilbert, who was Archbishop of York.

On Sunday night, the 17th inst. of a typhus fever, Lord Trafalgar, about 20 years of age. He was a youth of much promise, and the only son of Earl Nelson.—By his death, it is probable that the title, so gloriously acquired by the immortal Nelson, will go into the female line. The two sisters, Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Matcham, have each a numerous family; and failing issue male of the present lord, the next in remainder is Thomas Bolton, a minor.

Lord Alexander Gordon, second son of the Duke of Gordon, at Edinburgh, in the 24th year of his age. In consequence of his death, the Houses of Gordon, Bedford, Richmond, Manchester, and Cornwallis, go into mourning.

Sir Philip Anstruther, of Anstruther, Bart. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his brother, the Right Hon. Sir John Anstruther, now of Anstruther, Bart. late Chief Justice of Bengal.

At Bath, Philip Crosby, Esq. Admiral of the Red, in the 80th year of his age.

At the house of Dowager Lady Frankland, in Edward-street, Portman-square, Miss Harriet Frankland, the only unmarried daughter of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart. and sister of the present Sir J. Frankland, Bart. of Thirkleby Park, Yorkshire.

Angelica Kaufman, a celebrated artist, at Rome, on the 7th of November last, in the 67th year of her age. Her funeral was attended by several Nobility, 100 Ecclesiastics in the habits of their orders, and a great number of Members of the Literary Societies at Rome. Some of her best pictures were displayed in the procession, borne upon the shoulders of the mourners.

At Paris, Madame la Fayette. She was the daughter of the Duke D'Ayen, son of the Marshal de Noailles, and wife of General La Fayette.

In the 75th year of his age, Captain Thomas Morris. It has been said of him, that he was the best man, the best scholar, and the best poet of the age, in which he lived. He had retired from the army many years, preferring to bury his sword under the roses of literary glory.

At his seat at Idsworth Park, in the county of Hants, Jervoise Clarke Jervoise, Esq. M. P. for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight.

At Cheltenham, Lady Herries.

At his house, in Lower Brook-street, Gen. Leland, M. P. and Colonel of the 61th regiment of foot.

At Scorton, near Garstang, Mr. William Dickinson, mariner, in his 101st year.

Lately, at the age of 104, Mrs. Southart, of Upholland.

LIBERALITY.

The present is without doubt the age of *liberality*. Every day is pregnant with instances of the most splendid acts of munificence; and it is truly said, that he, she, or they who in any deviation from the strict rules of decorum, or in any embarassment of misfortune, address themselves to the *liberal feelings* of the public, are sure of *indulgence* and *protection*. Thus when an actor gets too much *in spirits*, or an actress makes a *faux pas*, they have only to throw themselves on the *liberality* of the audience. And thus when a capital Singer made the *amende honorable* for a foolish advertisement, by a letter in which she concluded with a *liberal* declaration, that she desired permission from the Managers of the Opera, only to sing for *two public charities*—the world rung with her praises—it was an act so very magnificent!—In two days after we were informed by a regular notice from a *music master*, that he had *engaged* her to sing at *four* public Concerts, and that *four* Ladies of Fashion had been so *liberal* as to give him up their houses for the performance. Here are instances of *liberality* worthy of commemoration. First, the Manager of the Opera is so *liberal* as to permit Madame Catalani to do what she did not require of him, to sing for a private instead of a public charity, ard the gentleman, we suppose, gives her a *liberal* douceur for her trouble.

But the condescension of the Ladies of Fashion who generously permit their mansions to be converted into *spetacles*, and who open their doors to all the *miscellany* of a foreigner's subscription, illustrates the liberal character of the age. This is a point of refinement in liberality to which the sullen diguity of our ancestors made no pretension. And it is a mode of setting at defiance the *prudery* of the Theatre in Argyll-street, "that is to be totally dedi-" cated to the class which ought to be kept se-" parate and distinct from any other,"—as well as the *nice arrangement* at the Opera, from which "the persons whom it is easier to " understand than to describe" are to be excluded. At the elegant *public rooms* of the Marchioness of *this*—or the Marchioness of *that*—or the Marchioness of *t'other*—or of any Marchioness, let me ask, who will question the *right of admission* to any one, whom the *Fiddler* has put down in the books of his *dear* and *liberal* Duchess of A., the Countess of B., or the Lady C.?—It is a most happy expedient to secure *freedom* under the mask of *restraint*, and to enjoy the most perfect relief from *censure* by having one's house too crowded for *observation!*—We must also admire the *economy* of this new fashion. Of old, when a noble Lady gave a splendid Concert at her mansion, the noble Lord's *oaks* or his *elms* paid for the *piping*. She was obliged to *engage* the favourite *voices* and *instruments* of the year—Now she is herself *engaged*, and receives a number of tickets in proportion to the *capacity* of her rooms and the *extent* of her *attraction*.—In this way the palace of a Duchess may let for more than that of a Countess—And the hotel of a Baroness for double that of a Squire's Lady.—It would be an edifying *caricature*, worthy of Gilray's pencil, to contrast the anxious features of a Lady of high fashion, standing in an attitude of suspence, while an Italian Musician was *pacing* her suit of rooms to ascertain their length and breadth, and to fix the number of tickets he would give for the accommodation!

People talk of the waste and extravagance of the present age.—Does this look like waste? To what an exquisite degree of domestic management we have attained, when we can thus convert even the extremity of ostentation into a source of revenue!—Opening one's own house has other advantages—It is obviously *commode*.—It affords facilities which are incompatible with the conspicuous character of a public place, every avenue to which is necessarily open: but here *publicity* is united with *retirement*—and the *pêle mêle* with the *select*.—For while in the state rooms the crowd are astonished by the mellifluous *starts* and *compass* of Catalani—delighted by the executive science of Billington—or captivated by the graceful attitudes of Grassini—while the Misses are all thrilling enamoured over the dulcet *cadenzas* of Le Kaneu—and the Dowagers are enraptured with the full organic volume of Dragonetti—my Lord and my Lady may have their *partie choisie* in the parlour; or each may have a *partie fine* in the library and boudoir, for the age is too *liberal* for any malevolent constructions.—We are all too polished to harbour the vulgarity of scandal.—And it is manifest, that the Ladies of Fashion give up their houses to their Music Masters and Fiddlers, only because these Music Masters and Fiddlers *are the very best people in the world, and because the present is the age of liberality.*

A MODEL FOR A SHOP FRONT.

WALKING DRESSES AND AN OPERA DRESS.

Designed and Engraved, exclusively for Le Beau Monde,
or Literary and Fashionable Magazine, Feb.y 1. 1808.

FASHIONS

FOR FEBRUARY, 1808.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Fig. No. 1 —*Morning Walking Dress.*—The Hindu coat and hat made of dove or bright grey coloured sarsnet, or fine cloth trimmed all round with a rich fur trimming of a fancy colour; the coat is made straight over the bosom, square across the shoulders, and continues with a small peak in the centre of the back; is brought tight round the waist to the form of the shape, a high collar with long peaks in front to fall all over on the neck, ornamented with small silk tassels fastened to each corner. A rich cord and tassel are confined in the back, and hang carelessly in the hand; the coat is lined all through with white sarsnet, and confined together down the front; gloves white Woodstock, and shoes of the same colour as the coat.

Fig. No. 2.—*Opera Dress*—The most distinguished full dress is composed of a magnificent cloth of a deep pink, worn over a white satin slip; the dress is made round and short, with a square back on the top and at the bottom of the waist, which is rather increased in length; the skirt is made entirely plain, and is laced down the back with small pink beads, in the form of diamonds; the honey-comb front, made to the form of the bosom, short sleeves straight over the shoulders, and at the back; broad Vandyke at the bottom of the sleeves of white satin, ornamented round the neck, and in different parts in the Kolana style; the dress caught up and fastened with a bunch of silver roses and green foil on the back of the left side above the knee, and hangs in loose folds round the bottom, about a quarter of a yard distant from the bottom of the petticoat, on the right side. The hair is combed straight from the crown of the head behind, and is formed into a thick twist, which is confined with a rich diamond comb, on the top of which three gold crowns are placed; the ends of the hind hair are seen in pendant ringlets falling over the left side of the head; on the front of the forehead the hair is divided, and lays smooth over the right temple, and is kept back by the Kolana crescent. Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds; gloves white kid; and shoes white satin.

ANTICIPATION OF THE SPRING FASHIONS.

The prevailing colours which will be worn in the approaching Spring, will be figured twilled sarsnets of crimson and amber shot, purple and yellow shot, lilac and white, pea-green and white shot; the sarsnets will be formed into full dresses and dress coats. Bonnets and hats will be invariably of straw, trimmed with the same colours as the robes or full dresses.—Dress caps made as simple as possible will be generally worn in full dresses; and no lady of taste will be expected to be seen with her head uncovered. Feathers and flowers are likely to be much worn. Necklaces, ear-rings, and fancy combs, will be of cornelians, diamonds, or of curious antique stones. Fancy half-boots and shoes must be assorted by the tasteful wearer, although in full dress satin shoes will have the preference.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

Morning Dress consists of olive or green mixtures; and though doubled breasted coats are worn by many, the single breasted coats are the most fashionable: either of them, however, has a collar of the same cloth, is made without pocket flaps at the sides, and with full sized plated buttons.—Scarlet kerseymere, or striped toilinet waistcoats, single breasted; and drab kerseymere breeches or pantaloons.—Blue pantaloons are again coming much into wear, and will be generally worn during the winter season, but they have no kind of ornament or trimming on the front.—Hussar boots are, of course, worn with pantaloons; and brown top boots, with riding breeches. Dark blue great coats trimmed with fur, or darkish olive brown cloth great coats are generally worn.—Under waistcoats are considered fashionable: white is worn in Evening Dress, and scarlet or Maroon colour in the Morning, although many gentlemen prefer small spotted patterns for that purpose. There is not the smallest alteration in Evening Dress; therefore the description we gave in our last Number may be referred to.

HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE festival in honour of the Birth of our most gracious Queen, who completed her sixty-third year on the 19th day of May last, took place on Monday the 18th inst.

Soon after nine o'clock Their Majesties, the Princesses, the Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, and Cambridge, breakfasted together at the Queen's Palace. At a quarter past ten o'clock the Dukes of York and Cambridge mounted their chargers and rode to the Parade, where they inspected the brigade of Grenadiers and Light Infantry of the Guards, previous to which the Duke of Cambridge presented them with their State colours, bearing the Egyptian Sphinx, and other devices allusive of their services abroad. The Band appeared in new uniforms. The blacks wore new turbans, adorned with blue beads and a profusion of silver lace. After parade, they proceeded to St. James's to do the Birth-day duty, pursuant to previous appointment.

At eleven o'clock the Princess Charlotte of Wales arrived at the Queen's Palace, to pay her respects.

About half-past twelve o'clock, Her Majesty, the five Princesses, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, in three carriages, left the Queen's Palace, and went to St. James's.

Soon after two o'clock Her Majesty and the Princesses proceeded to hold the drawing-room. In an anti-room the Archbishop of Canterbury, as usual, delivered to Her Majesty a suitable oration on the occasion.

Forty boys belonging to Christ's Hospital attended, according to their charter, were presented to her Majesty by Alderman Shaw, in the room of Alderman Anderson, the President.

Her Majesty having taken her station, the following Ode was immediately performed:

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1808.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

BEHOLD yon lurid Orb that seems
Devious through æther's paths to stray,
And, while with baleful light it gleams,
Appears to trace no certain way;
No influence mild with genial force
Waits on its desultory course;
But myriads view its streaming hair
Shed death and horror through the air,
While even science piercing sight,
Clear from the mists of visionary fears,
Anxious beholds the erratic Stranger's flight,
Lest, mingling with the planetary spheres,
It shake the order of the mighty frame,
Destroy with ponderous shock, or melt with sulphurous flame.

Such is alas! the dread that waits
On savage inroad's wild career,
While trembling round the peaceful states
Survey its meteor course with fear.
And as the immortal mandate guides,
And points the Comet where to stray,
So through the battle's crimson tides
It points ambition's fatal way;
Submissive both th' Eternal's will perform,
And act his high behest, the earthquake and the storm.

But as with ray benign and bland
The radiant Ruler of the year
Sheds plenty on the smiling land,
Where'er his vivifying beams appear.
Now wakes the roseate bloom of Spring,
Fann'd by young Zephyr's tepid wing,
Or clothes the wide expanding plain
With Summer's fruit and Autumn's grain;
Or gathering from the watery shores
Sources of vegetable stores,
Renews scorch'd Earth's exhausted powers
With balmy dews and gentle showers;
So from the patriot Monarch's care,
Whose breast no dreams of conquest move,
Founding his glory on his people's love,
And proud to boast unbounded empire there,
The copious rills of Peace domestic stream,
Warm glows fair Virtue's flame, and bright,
Religion's beam.

O BRITAIN, may thy happy coast,
Though loud oppression rage around,
To the applauding nations boast.
One shore with peace, with mercy crown'd!
Still may thy hospitable seat
To suffering Greatness yield a safe retreat;
For when the sacred fiat of the skies
First caus'd thy sea-encircled realm to rise,
It bade it in an eternal column stand,
Sacred to want and woe from every clime and land.

* Pind. Olymp. VIII. Strophe 2.

At two o'clock, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and suite proceeded through Carleton House Garden and St. James's Park to the private door of the Palace in two carriages. His Royal Highness was attended by Lords Lake and Keith, Generals Hulse, Colonels M'Mahon, Lee, Bloomfield, and Baron Eden.

The Prince was in a brimstone-coloured coach, and his suite preceded him in a landulet of the same colour, both drawn by beautiful bay horses, richly caparisoned.

LADIES' DRESSES.

THE QUEEN,

As usual on her own Birth-day, was not so splendidly dressed as on that of his Majesty. Her dress was composed of British point, interspersed with gold Turkish tissue. The drapery tied up with rich pearl bows and most beautiful gold cord and tassels. Gold fringe at the bottom of the petticoat. A mantle of purple and gold, trimmed with gold fringe.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES

Displayed her usual elegance in a dress of amethyst-coloured velvet; the train and petticoat richly embroidered with a superb gold and silver vandyke border, with a most magnificent diamond-cut steel fringe round the train and pocket-holes; which, for its peculiar elegance and effect, surpassed all we ever saw. The drapery most elegantly ornamented with magnificent diamonds, forming wreaths of roses and beautiful stars; the body and sleeves superbly studded with diamonds; the pocket-holes and belt richly embroidered to correspond with the drapery. Her Royal Highness wore a superb head dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers, and looked remarkably well—The whole had a most magnificent effect.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

A rich lilac satin petticoat, embroidered in the most tasteful manner. The sashes with a rich gold border of chesnut leaves. The Drapery on the left side with a very rich border on black velvet. The right side drapery with rich point, and a very elegant black and gold border at the bottom of the petticoat. Train of lilac and gold.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

A rich brown satin petticoat, richly embroidered with gold and enriched with point lace in sweeping draperies; the sleeves of point lace. Train of brown satin, embroidered with gold. Head-dress, a bandeau of diamonds and feathers.

PRINCESS MARY.

A superb embroidered petticoat of gold upon rich lilac satin. The draperies composed of the same materials, embroidered all over, and terminated with massy borders, studded in waves with dead and bright gold, and bunches of fancy flowers and vine leaves, tastefully interspersed with thick gold rolio in festoons, as a support to smaller draperies of beautiful black lace. The whole looped up and finished with magnificent gold cords and tassels. In this dress there was tastefully blended the beautiful colours of spring, with the richness and costume of the present season. Robe, lilac and gold tissue, trimmed all round with broad gold fringe. Body and vest ornamented with gold and point lace.

PRINCESS AMELIA.

A rich lilac satin petticoat richly embroidered: the sashes with a rich gold border, representing chesnuts and leaves; the drapery on the left side was very rich on black velvet; the drapery on the right side with rich points, and a very elegant border at the bottom of the petticoat; the effect was truly beautiful. Train of lilac and gold.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

A Devonshire brown velvet petticoat, ornamented with draperies of the same, richly embroidered with gold lama and spangles, the draperies were relieved by a sweeping drapery of gold in flowers and plumes; train of the same richly embroidered with gold, gold cords and tassels. Head-dress of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

PRINCESS CASTELCICALA.

Dress of white crape, with draperies of patent net and green velvet, trimmed with broad bands and festoons of white beads; handsome bead cords and tassels; robe of green velvet, trimmed with point lace.

DUCHESS OF MONTROSE.

A white satin petticoat, with drapery of white crape and satin, richly embroidered with wreaths of green and gold ivy, a handsome Vandyke fringe of green velvet and foil; train of green velvet, richly embroidered with gold concave rings.

MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE.

A rich white satin petticoat, trimmed with swansdown; drapery of white satin, looped up in festoons, and falling in a point on the left side; train of white satin, forming a drapery suspended with an aigrette of diamonds from the right shoulder, and terminated in finishing the drapery on the left side of the petticoat. Head-dress, white satin, with a bandeau of diamonds and white feathers.

MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD,

A splendid dress of violet velvet, richly embroidered in shells of matted gold; draperies edged with wreaths of shells and gold oak leaves, looped up with rich ropes of gold bullion and acorn tassels.

VISCOUNTESS CRANLEY

Wore a rich puce-coloured satin petticoat, thickly sprigged with gold, an elegant gold border round the bottom; draperies of puce velvet, embroidered with a rich Etruscan border of gold, the ground sprigged to correspond with the petticoat, ornamented with gold cord and tassels; train of gold tissue, body and sleeves richly trimmed with point lace. Head-dress of gold tissue, and ostrich feathers.

COUNTESS OF ELY.

A petticoat of very rich amarynth velvet, embroidered round the bottom with an elegant Asiatic border, in massy gold, which had a very rich effect, the draperies superbly worked to correspond, ornamented with rich gold cord and tassels; train of amarynth velvet, bordered with gold; the body and sleeves richly worked in gold, and trimmed with beautiful point lace. Head-dress gold net, and amarynth velvet, gold tiara, a beautiful plume of ostrich feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD.

A white satin petticoat, at the bottom was a border of rich embroidery in gold, forming a Vandyke fringe; draperies of puce-coloured velvet on the right side, with a rich embroidered border of a Roman scroll; on the left a mantle; draperies of white satin, embroidered with the same pattern, a point of puce-coloured velvet, embroidered in rich gold leaves, forming a massy gold chain; the draperies suspended, and elegantly ornamented with rich gold cords and tassels; train of puce-coloured velvet, trimmed with gold. Head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

A scarlet satin petticoat; draperies of rich gold tissue, with embroidered borders; the bottom trimmed with gold fringe and chain; the draperies ornamented with gold tassels, and long rolio train of scarlet satin, trimmed with gold. Head-dress, turban of tissue and superb diamonds.

COUNTESS OF BRIDGEWATER.

A white satin petticoat, embroidered with gold stripes of Algerine spangles; draperies of crape, richly embroidered, of an antique scroll in gold, and points on the left side to correspond; a shower of spangles formed the ground-work of the draperies; Carmelot velvet train, richly embroidered in gold. Head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

LADY GEORGIANA BUCKLEY.

A rich white satin petticoat, embroidered round the bottom with an elegant Gothic border in silver. Draperies of superior crimson silver tissue, tastefully looped up with silver cord and tassels; train of crimson silver tissue bordered with silver; body and sleeves trimmed with rich point lace. Head-dress, silver tiara, and a handsome plume of ostrich feathers.

LADY FULTENEY.

A blue satin train and petticoat, trimmed with black lace and beads, elegant roses to loop the sleeves and front. Head-dress a plume of blue feathers, supported by branches of diamonds, elegant necklace and ear-rings.

LADY CATHERINE AINSLEY

A splendid dress of lavender velvet, embroidered in diamonds of silver spangles and bullion, and chains of frosted silver. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

LADY FRANCES PRATT

Was dressed in one of the most beautiful dresses at Court, made of pale green velvet, ornamented with green bugles, in wreaths and fringes.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A Field Marshal's Uniform.

DUKE OF YORK.

A Field Marshal's Uniform.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

The Full Dress of a British Admiral.

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

Full Dress Uniform of the Guards.

DUKE OF SUSSEX.

North Briton's Uniform.

PRINCE ESTERHAZY.

Elegant Hussar Uniform.

MARQUIS OF STAFFORD.

An olive-coloured cloth coat, with diamond buttons, lined and edged with poppy-coloured satin; embroidered waistcoat, and black breeches.

EARL OF CHARLEVILLE.

A Spanish brown coat, richly embroidered with lace and flowers; breeches of the same, and satin embroidered waistcoat.

EARL OF BRIDGEWATER.

A full dress suit of the uniform of his regiment, the 14th Light Dragoons.

LORD LAKE.

A General's uniform.

SPORTING BIOGRAPHY.

MR. M—L—SH.

TO attain celebrity in the sporting world, has hitherto required the active exertions of a long life, dedicated solely to the field, or the betting-room; but the subject of our present memoir, has burst from cover, with an impetuosity which has distanced his competitors, and that too with as fair a character, as ever was weighed in the unerring scales of the Jockey Club.

Notwithstanding his excellence in gymnastic, as well as olympic pursuits he is yet too young to be the *father*, but every one must acknowledge that he is a true *son* of the turf.

In a short characteristic sketch, it would be impossible to trace him through his varied career; for a mere recital of his engagements in coursing, racing, and the other manly amusements of the modern *scavoir vivre*, would far exceed our monthly limits.

His sportsman-like, and other good qualities, have not only procured him the friendship of every jovial member of the turf, but have recommended him to the notice of one, who has long been esteemed as one of its greatest ornaments. His almost universal success at the different race meetings, seems to have given him at one time, a degree of confidence in his cattle, not frequently seen in so young a man; whilst his acknowledged skill in the chances, enabled him, in most cases, to come off a winner. Nor does he seem ever indeed to have doubted his own success, by hedging off, or even paying forfeit, until the well-known affair of Sancho and Pavillion, for 5000 guineas, h. f. when he refused 1200 from a certain noble Lord, though it has been asserted that he would afterwards have *given* 1000 to be off. Our readers will recollect, that immediately after this, Sancho was beaten by Bobtail, a circumstance as unexpected as it was unpleasant, and which it has been supposed even then gave him a distaste to the turf; indeed, we have heard that it was his intention, after fulfilling his engagements, never to run another horse under a sporting penalty.

It may appear surprising to some, that the man who *wins*, should *lose* money; but they who are surprised at this, are not among the *knowing ones*. A generous disregard for the *main chance*, will always expose the fortunate winner, to the arts of those, whose market is a race ground, and whose whole stock is a stock of assurance; besides where a man *hazards* at night, what he wins in the day, the odds are sure to be against him.

To enumerate his *successful* engagements, for of others he has but few, would be but a copy of the Racing Calendar; however, his ambition has not been confined solely to the turf, as he has long been celebrated for his judgment in the selection of his greyhounds, and his attachment to the stage—not the stage of Thespis indeed, but that which has brought forward more *striking* characters, than either the Garden, or old Drury. If a fondness for this amusement has placed him sometimes amongst blackguards, *he* has not forgot that he was a gentleman; and though the name of captain and a red coat, are always considered signs of courage, he has given a more convincing mark of it, in an affair, where he got winged by *an Hawk;* indeed in that business, we know not which to admire most, the cool determined spirit of both combatants, or the good humour, with which they came into the field, and went out of it.

The annals of the turf, perhaps never presented a circumstance of such general interest, as the well remembered affair of Sancho and Pavillion; and its unpleasant issue to the hero of our memoir would have ruffled the philosophy of an older sportsman; in this case he might say with the poet—

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
"But we'll do more."

We have now slightly to notice a melancholy occurrence, which however gave Mr. M—— an opportunity of displaying not only his filial affection, but also his horsemanship.—Having received the alarming intelligence of his mothers illness, he mounted one of his barouche horses to proceed to London, and actually rode from Brighton to East Grinstead, a distance of twenty miles, in an hour and twenty minutes; this exertion was so great that, on alighting, his horse fell down and died.

The subsequent exploits of Mr. M. in the sporting world, are too recent to need repetition; and it has been reported that he means to engage *in a match* of more importance to his happiness, than any of those in which he has been so successful.

Should this be so, we wish him every good luck, nor do we doubt of his winning, though some cavillers at the marriage state would tell us *Luck's All!*

SPORTING VARIETIES.

FOX-HUNTING IN KENT.—The Lodge hounds are now in the highest vigour, or to speak technically, well blooded. They closed the sport of the last year in very good style, notwithstanding the sky was stormy and the day far advanced before they found the fox. In drawing the last cover, Baken Pole, the hounds struck upon the drag at a quarter before two, and in a few moments the fox broke away, in view of the field, with the hounds close at him. His first point was up wind for Hennecker Earth, across Brockenden. Stopped out there, he instantly turned down the wind for Willow Wood, and skirting Dally, the hounds were so near him he dared not try the earth. He then stretched across, with a side wind, in a line with Crome's Earth; but the hounds again gaining upon him, he turned down the whole extent of King's Down Wood, for Shrubber's Earth. Here he was again baulked, and ran for the earth opposite Lineted Lodge; at this moment some of the horsemen rode into the hounds and brought them to a check: *Jerry*, however, made a good and quick cast down wind, and immediately recovered the scent. The hounds now went away with a good head across Newberry, Petwood, and Skuddington, into Mr. Lake's Chesnut Plantation. Here we all looked very dismal, lest he should go to ground in the rabbit burrows; but, as if despising a safety that he did not owe to his own powers, he went gallantly across the open country to Barling's Wood. Fearing that he was running for Tynham Great Earth, which was open, we sent the whipper-in forward, at speed, to prevent, if possible, this intention. He had scarcely reached it when the fox came up, and, seeing the whipper-in, passed on to Rascal's Mount, and thence into Tynham Osiers. After going half over the bed he returned, broke across the marsh, and ran the road towards Cannon Mill. There he was met by a labourer and turned, completely exhausted, into the Lodge. The hounds being now nearly up to him, he made a last effort of speed and courage, and we killed him in view in Brian's Orchard. This chace lasted, without interruption, an hour and twenty-eight minutes, and completely realised Mr. Beckford's idea of a fox-chase, which he wished never to continue less than one hour, or to exceed two—and that it should correspond with Lord Chatham's notion of a battle, "it should be short, sharp, and decisive."

PIGEON SHOOTING.—A numerous field of Sportsmen assembled at Little Ealing, where a Grand Pigeon Match took place for an honorary medal, value 20*l.* and a fat hog, value 10*l.* The field was open for competition, and the most celebrated shots, within ten miles of London, were candidates for the prize, and a considerable number of distinguished amateurs attended to witness the pastime.

There were 20 competitors, who were allowed three birds each, but the weather being unfavourable, and the pigeons being very small and tough, and quick on the wing, only three of the candidates killed two out of the three: Mr. Atkin having, as it was thought, killed his second bird, but on his being about to bag it, the pigeon rose and flew out of bounds. The three candidates who beat their adversaries, and had to shoot off the ties, were Messrs. Moreton, Collisson, and Snell, and they agreed to shoot at single pigeons for a decision. It is remarkable, that the whole of the three missed their first birds, and Collisson and Moreton missed their second, but Snell killed his second bird, and consequently won the prize. Before the shooting commenced, Moreton and Collisson were the favourites against the field, but their performances were but very indifferent at scientific shots.

PEDESTRIANISM.—In consequence of Lieut. Halifax having performed his task of walking thirty miles a day for twenty successive days, and another Gentleman having undertaken to go forty miles a day for ten successive days, we are authorised to say, that Mr. Barclay, of Ury, has lately declared, that he would go fifty miles a day for twenty successive days, and his friends in town are ready to back him for any sum. In that case, the whole distance would be one thousand miles.

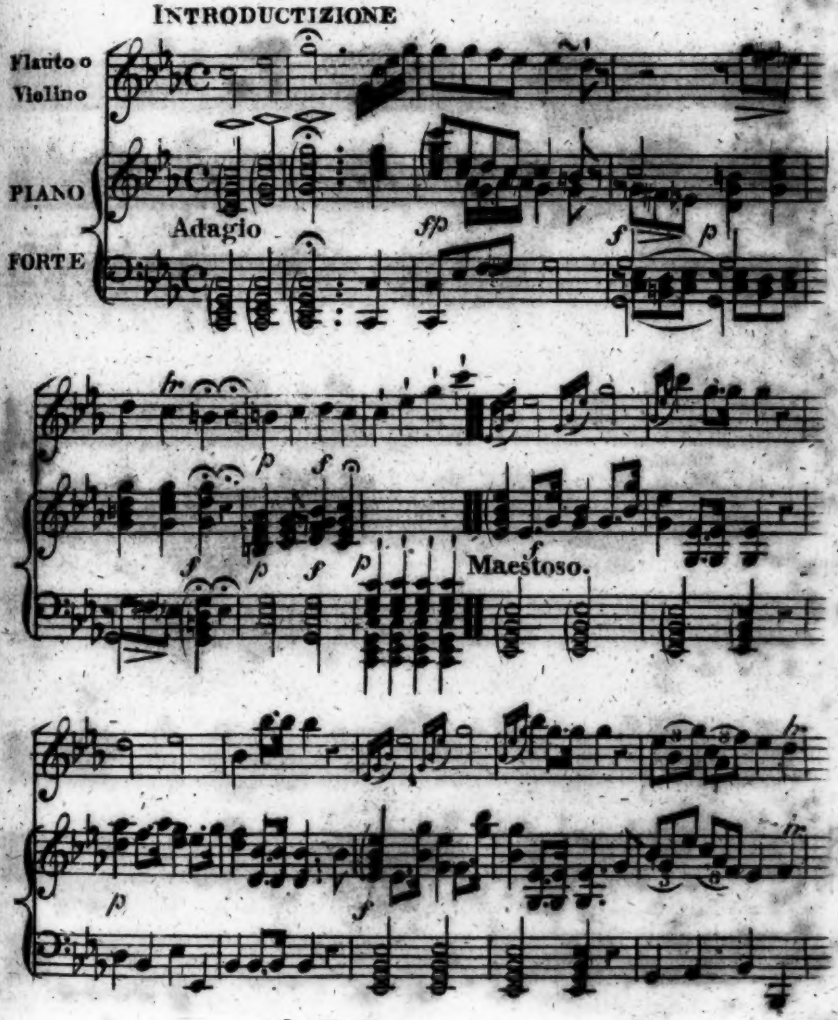
A swift-footed hero, of the name of Harding, groom to a gentleman, undertook for a wager of twenty guineas, to go from Hounslow to Slough, and back to Smallberry Green, a distance of 24 miles, in three hours and forty minutes. The pedestrian went something more than seven miles the first hour, and the second hour he went seven miles and a quarter on the heaviest ground. Over this ground he had to return, and he did six miles and a quarter in three hours. He had three miles and a quarter to do in forty minutes, and he performed it with ease in inclement weather. The pedestrian is about five feet seven inches.

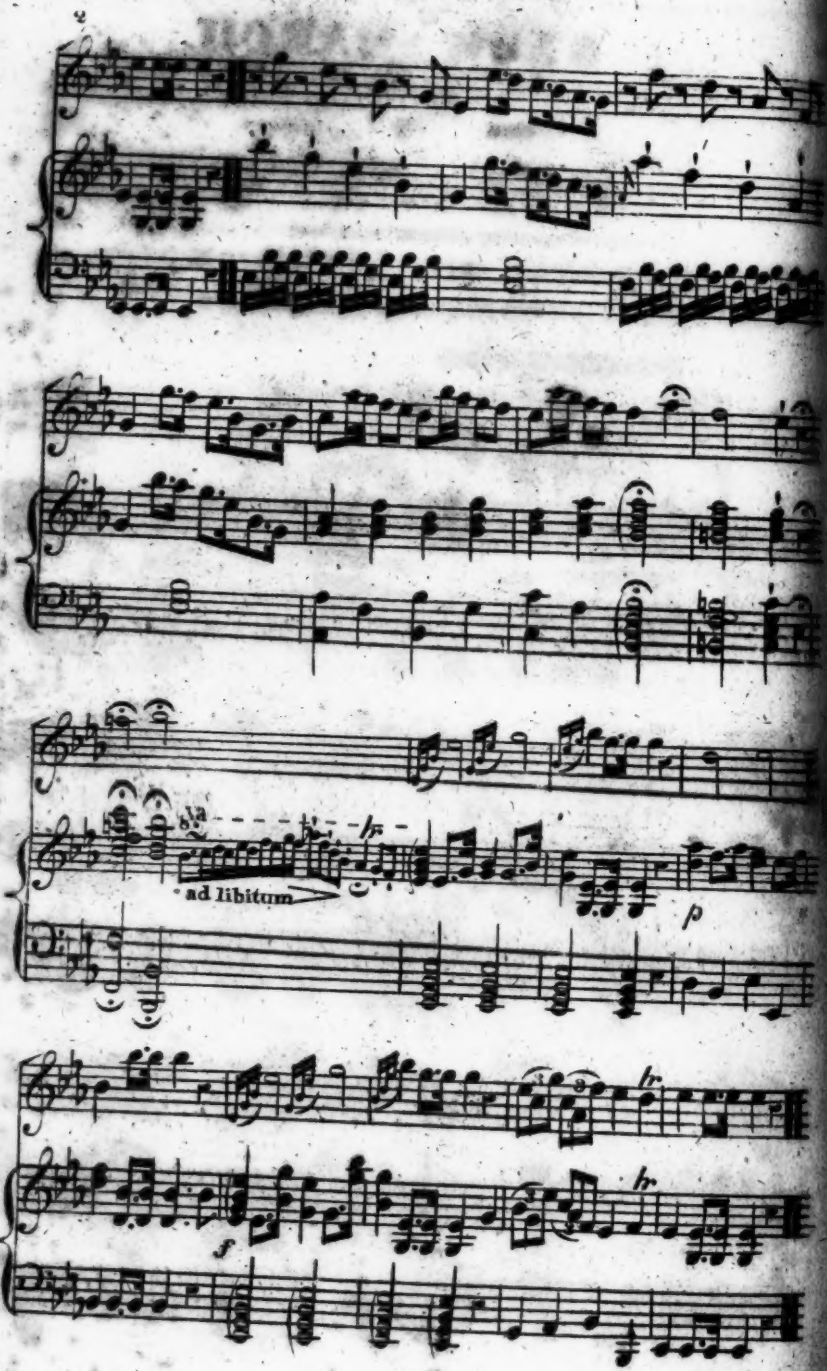
SLOW MARCH.

by

T. CLARK Esq.r

Composed expressly and exclusively for Le Beau Monde, or Literary & Fashionable Magazine for February 1808.

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